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American Girl

the Girl Scouts

FEBRUARY
1933



SWENDELL
CAMPBELL



Let's Sail to the Land where the Bong Tree Grows!



MANY ARE THE WAYS OF TRAVEL to this strange and wonderful land where live the Jumblies, the Fimble Feg with the corkscrew leg and the Dong with the luminous nose. The Owl and the Pussy Cat, you remember, chose to travel by boat; a "beautiful pea-green boat", wasn't it?

When they arrived at the land where the Bong Tree grows, they found the strangest things!

There were the Piggy-Wig and the Turkey who lived on the hill eating slices of quince with a runcible spoon. Then, as you may remember, they met the Fimble Fowl with the corkscrew leg, the Pobble who has no toes and the Quangle Wangle Quee.

Upon discovering the Quangle Wangle Quee they found him to be a remarkable creature. For on his hat there nested the Stork, the Duck, the Owl, the Snail, the Bumble-bee, the Fimble Fowl, the Olympian Bear, the Blue Baboon, the Orient Calf, the Attery Squash, the Bisky Bat, and the Dong with the luminous nose!

But that was long ago, when we were very young. Nowadays we travel in more grown-up fashion.

What should we discover, do you suppose, if we set out if not for, at least in the general direction of, our more grown-up Land of the Bong Tree?

We readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* can really find out in the March issue, for it is this issue which helps

take us all over this thrilling and wonderful world.

So let us sit in our favorite reading chair, give the globe a spin and see what we shall see. Far away lands loom nearer, and the romantic, the picturesque and the unusual grow more familiar. We find the Orient and Europe, the East and the West. We're off!

And in such interesting company, too! For in the March issue our guide-companions are people of rare charm and knowledge.

Sylvia Townsend Warner is the author of *Lolly Willows*, *Mr. Fortune's Maggot*, and other distinguished books. Miss Warner will tell us about England; Eunice Tietjens, poet, traveler and writer of fiction, will conduct us through North Africa; Maria Sermolino, author of stories in Italian for girls, will tell us of her sunny land; Louise Seymour Hasbrouck will conduct the party when we return to America; Phyllis Ayer Sowers, author of *Klong and the Go-Down Baby*, will conduct us through Japan.

Once a year your editors seek to bring to you the savor of Europe and the Orient. The annual International Number is always flavored with the zest of travel and this year it is most exciting from cover to cover.

If you happen to know a girl whose subscription has expired please show her this copy so that she may hear of the fun and gaiety in the March issue. Tell her that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* wants to make another trip to her home.

TURN TO THE NEXT COVER



Along the Editor's Trail

IN FAIRFAX County, Virginia, about fifteen miles from Washington, D. C., stands a gracious white house with green lawns sloping down to the Potomac River. All of you know it through history and pictures; many of you have been fortunate enough to visit it and wander through the rooms in the home where George Washington spent so much of his life and through the gardens and the old coach house.

Mount Vernon, when last I saw it, was bathed in October sunlight. As our boat moved slowly along the quiet river—we were on our way from Norfolk to Washington after the Girl Scout Convention—I thought I had never looked on a scene so lovely and so peaceful. It had something of the hushed calm, the quality of arrested motion of a Millet landscape. It was as though, for an instant, everything in the world except our river boat, had stopped, even the clouds and the breeze. And in that quiet moment there came a sense of indestructibility, of permanence—not of the house itself nor of the trees nor of the play of sun and shadow on the grass, but of the tradition that surrounded it. The history of a nation's beginnings was there, a history to be proud of. And however much the world may change, the spirit behind that history belongs to us forever and forever.

Everywhere in the country

there are historical landmarks. In some places they are older than in others in the matter of dates, but they all recall times and events that were important to the life and history of the community in which they are found.

The Quakers who came from England to Long Island and built in 1718 the old Quaker Meeting House that still stands in Flushing, and who worshipped even before that in an old farmhouse, which has also weathered the storms to the present day, were pioneers, it is true, with a courage and adventurousness that are inspirations.

So were the Pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock and the Cavaliers who settled Virginia and the Dutch whose names still linger in the narrow, crooked streets of downtown New York. But they were no greater pioneers than the men and women who drove, years later, in the nineteenth century, through countless dangers and hardships, into the unexplored western country and made settlements along the way that have now become thriving towns and cities.

Their landmarks, too, whether farm-houses or meeting-houses or town halls, remind us of the unconquerable spirit that we feel so strongly at Mount Vernon, and radiate a comforting, permanent, revivifying something which gives us courage to meet the future.

MOUNT VERNON, A NATIONAL SHRINE, STANDS SERENE, OVERLOOKING THE POTOMAC



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MARGARET MOCHRIE, Editor
ALICE WADE ROBINSON, Managing Editor

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THE December issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL must have provided you with more opportunities for discussion than you have had lately. *Phantom on the Ice* gave you all the best chance, apparently, although a great many more of you liked it than not. Remember that we are always glad to have you tell us when you don't like a story as well as when you do.

PEGGY WOLESAGEL of Bellevue, Ohio writes, "*Phantom on the Ice* was grand. I think Ellen is a darling character, and I always love mystery stories. The story was fine and there wasn't a thing I didn't like about it." Janet Huber of Buffalo says, "I was glad to hear about Ellen again in *Phantom on the Ice* but I like the illustrations by Armstrong Sperry better. The story gave me a thrill all through it, and the explanations were great!"

THE STORY, *Phantom on the Ice* was all right, but just a little impossible," is the opinion of Ann Felts of Marion, Illinois. Barbara Bryant of Washington, D. C. makes the same criticism of it. "I certainly enjoyed the story I had so looked forward to, *Phantom on the Ice*," writes Mary Flynn of Detroit. "I certainly thought Ellen was brave. The story had a perfect wintery setting, too."

ETHEL SELANDER of New Britain, Connecticut "was frightfully disappointed in *Phantom on the Ice*, because Ellen seemed in her other story to be a girl with common sense and in this I think she was silly. Getting frightened at a picture seemed the height of impossibility to me."

MY OPINION of *Phantom on the Ice* is that it was just swell! I would have lost ten pounds if I had been in Ellen's place as she flew along the ice. She had spunk, I think, to be able to reach the doctor's house," writes Constance Eaton of Winchester, Massachusetts. "*Phantom on the Ice* was my favorite story this month," says Helene Richter of East Durham, New York. "It is very exciting and creepy, especially when you read it at night, and I liked it mostly because it was a mystery."

SUSANNA CUSHMAN of Newton Centre, Massachusetts says, "I am writing this letter in bed as I have been sick now for a week. My December issue arrived today and believe me it certainly cheers up a sick person. Until I saw by your note that Ellen of Gibbs Light was in *Phantom on the Ice* I never would have believed it. She seemed very different!" Frances Jaffer of West Hartford, Connecticut liked the story very much but she liked Ellen herself very much

Well, of All Things!

better in *Ellen Sights Gibbs Light*. Ellen Bek of Grand Forks, North Dakota says, "I just had to write and tell you how much I enjoyed the December issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL. I liked *Phantom on the Ice*. It held me in suspense all the way through."

ALMOST ALL of you liked *George Was Wonderful*. Dorothy Seefred of Detroit, Michigan writes, "I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for a year now. Never before have I had an occasion to write, but now I feel obliged to write about *George Was Wonderful*. I held my breath while Judie made her decision, although I was sure she would stay to help George. An equally suitable name for the story would have been *Judie Was Wonderful*." Frances Jaffer, who wrote about *Phantom on the Ice*, says she didn't care for Mrs. Russell's story. "It didn't have half enough action or excitement," she writes.

MARGARET FURGASON of Cleburne, Texas thought that *George Was Wonderful* was grand. "I think Judie was a good scout to stay on the ranch for Christmas. A good Girl Scout would stay when she saw she was needed."

BETTY CASTONGAY of Oak Park, Illinois says she thoroughly enjoyed Judie, although she does think she was rather foolish to stay on the ranch. "*George Was Wonderful* was wonderful," writes A. Frances Gardner of Springfield, Vermont. "Judie's sacrifice was one which few in her predicament would have made. This story illustrates the poverty of many districts, unbelievable poverty, and everybody who reads this story I believe will see in her own surroundings lots to be thankful for!"

SCATTER WAS the popular favorite this month, with every single criticism we've had about her a favorable one. Aris Louise Bunch of Missoula, Montana says that she always did think that Scatter was swell, and that in her opinion *Enforced Leisure* was the best Scatter story we've had in a long time. Katharine Smith of Germantown, Pennsylvania writes, "Scatter is just the type of girl

I like and I simply go wild over her stories. *Enforced Leisure* was swell. Do have more."

ONE of the best Scatter stories I've ever read was *Enforced Leisure*," says Virginia Vesey of Fort Wayne, Indiana. "The minute I see a story by Leslie C. Warren I turn right to it." Alice Lloyd of Clayton, Missouri writes, "*Enforced Leisure* was simply too great for words—in fact the only grudge I have against the magazine is that it is too long between issues."

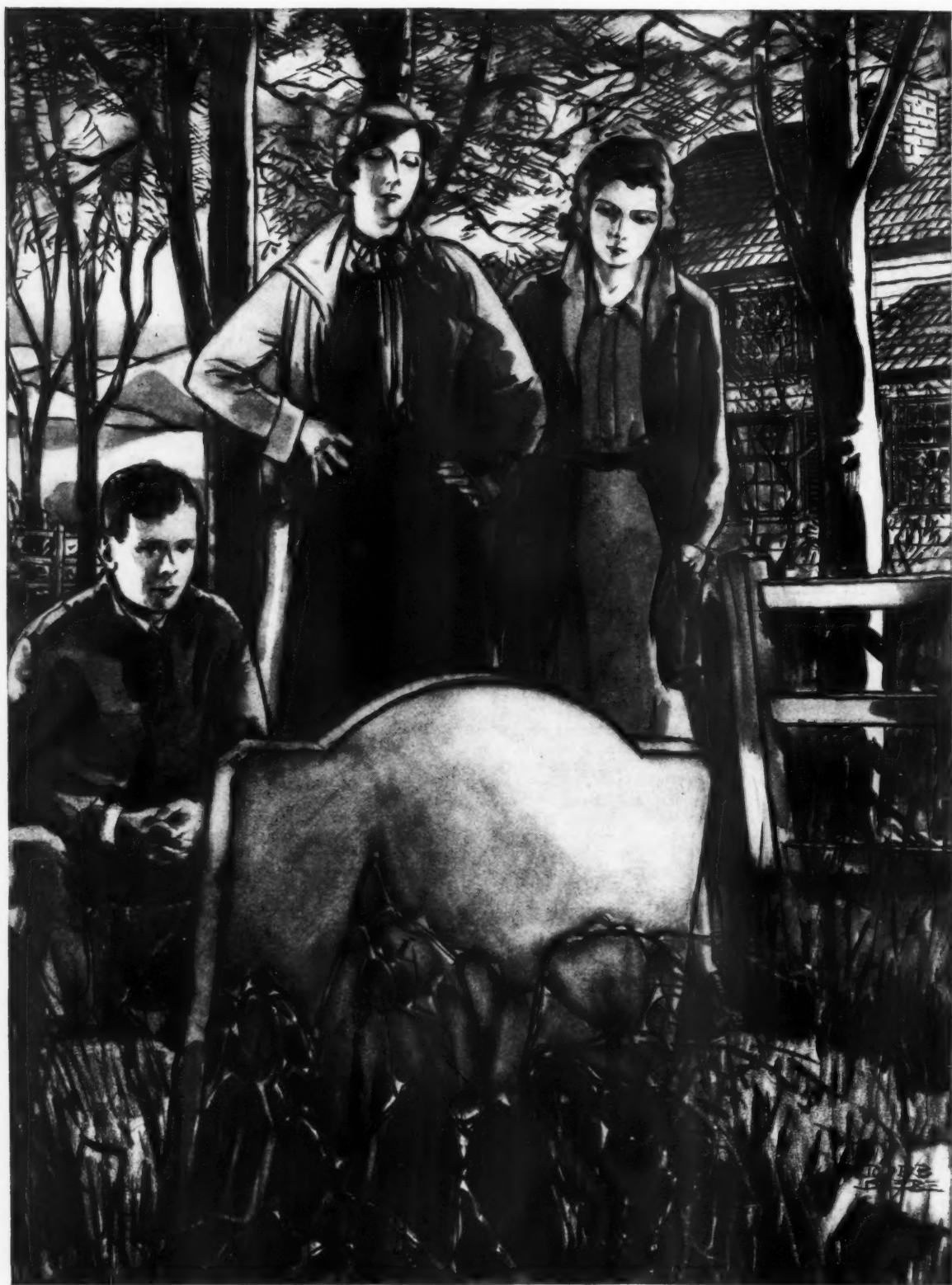
I THINK the December issue has been the best one yet. Scatter simply can't keep out of trouble, can she?" writes Frances Hemingway of Webster City, Iowa. "Although Scatter is my favorite character I make quite a rush to find out what Jo Ann and the Laughing Princess are doing." Shirley Marden, of Brooklyn, says she enjoys THE AMERICAN GIRL more than any other magazine. "The December issue was particularly good," Shirley writes. "The Scatter story was so funny I laughed and laughed. But of course it was swell—wasn't it written by Leslie Warren?"

ALICE FRAZEE of La Crosse, Wisconsin writes, "Scatter certainly literally outdid herself in December, and I laughed so much over the story that I was weak afterwards! That little red-head certainly knows how to get into scrapes and better, how to get out of them!"

MR. WISTEHUFF'S December cover met with your general approval, too. Patty Dalrymple of Riverside, California says she liked it very much, and Muriel Gertrude Levy of Chicago thought it fascinating. Barbara Bryant, who wrote to us about *Phantom on the Ice*, says she just loved the cover. Barbara especially likes Mr. Wistehuff's covers and illustrations and hopes that we will have more of them.

HELENE RICHTER, who has been quoted before on this page, writes, "The December issue was especially good and I just fell in love with it as soon as I saw it. I liked the cover especially, not only because it was by my favorite artist, but also because it just fitted this Christmas time in the midst of the depression, when many people cannot buy but must make their surprises for the family. The article by Helen Perry Curtis was also helpful."

DOROTHY SEEFRED of Detroit, who writes, "Somehow I always have the feeling that if I like the cover of a magazine I am certain to like the contents," says she thinks the cover of the December issue is so very attractive that she is framing it.



THEY LOOKED DOWN ON A SLAB OF BROWN SANDSTONE WITH ARCHED AND SHOULDERED TOP. UNDER THE ARCH WAS CARVED RUDELY THE SYMBOL OF A SKULL AND CROSSBONES, AND BENEATH IT WAS A VERSE

Beginning a serial of mysterious adventure in an old house in the Catskills

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

FEBRUARY • 1933

The Hoodooed Inn

DUTCH Doors!" exclaimed Mrs. Revell. By LOUISE SEYMOUR HASBROUCK

"You've certainly chosen the right name for your new place. We ought to have such good times here! I think we shall like it."

"I do hope so!" agreed her niece.

Anne Forrest, or Pan, as she was usually called, was a redhead, but not one of your aggressive ones. Her eyes were a warm brown, and full of dreams, her mouth sensitive. She was always naively surprised when people liked her. Only a slightly irregular, aspiring nose and the set of her head betrayed a certain firmness and independence of character.

"Did you ever see a house with so many front doors?" she went on.

"Three of them; also a mortgage and a graveyard," put in her younger brother, Randolph—who was usually addressed as Ran.

"Graveyard?" repeated Mrs. Revell incredulously.

He led her to one side of the old house where, in the greening grass of April, were three mounds, a large one flanked by two smaller. Over the central mound was a slab of brown sandstone, with arched and shouldered top. Under the arch was carved rudely the symbol of a skull and crossbones, and beneath it, the verse:

Behold me now as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, so you must be.
Prepare for death and follow me.

PETER L. WHISPELL

Died May 10, 1811

Aged 57 yrs. 3 mos. 6 das.

"The old lady Dad bought the place from made him promise not to move them as long as she lived," Ran told his aunt.

"How unfortunate! It would be so much nicer to have a flower garden, with perhaps a sun dial there, don't you think so?" said Mrs. Revell.

"I don't know," answered Randolph doubtfully. "Flowers and sun dials would clutter it for my model planes worse than the stones. The ledge up there is a swell place to fly them from, I'm counting on this for a landing field. My planes must have flights."

WHEN HE HAD TO PASS THE HEADSTONE HE HURRIED
THE WHEELBARROW ALONG ALMOST AT A GALLOP

"Are you going to be a scientist like your father, Ran? Should you like that?"

"You bet your life," he answered, grinning all over. She looked amusedly at his freckled face. He was sandier than Anne, almost as tall, but slimmer, and somewhat shy, she decided. Having just returned from Europe after ten years' absence, she was really making the acquaintance of her brother's children all over again. And she found herself enjoying it more than she had expected.

"Did you get any old furniture with the house, as well as the graveyard?" she asked her niece.

"Only a little left over from the auction. That corner cupboard in the dining room, and the Dutch ironing table and my glass bowl," answered Pan.

"Your glass bowl! I like your nerve! Didn't I find it behind all those old bottles in the cellar?" remonstrated her brother. "And it will be mighty handy to hold glue or chemicals or something."

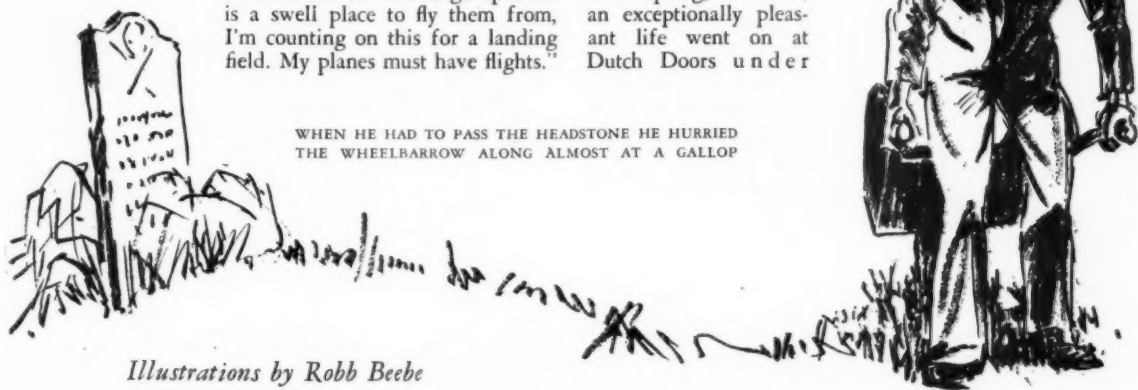
"Oh, Ran, it's too nice for those awful messes of yours. I want to use it for a sugar bowl when we have tea."

Her brother nodded.

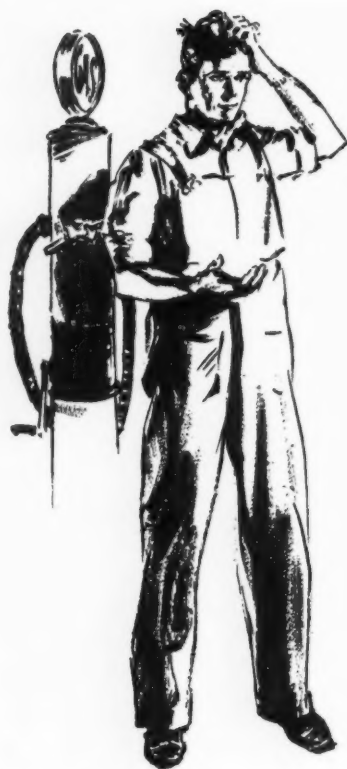
"I wonder if it could have been made in that old glass factory there was on our hill? It seems they did make glass 'way out here in the Catskills over a hundred years ago," Pan told her aunt.

"I've dug around it a lot and never found any that color. It was all bottle green," said her brother.

The departure of Richard Forrest on an exploring trip to South America was the only flaw in his children's happiness at present, but it was also the reason for their unexpected acquisition of their present home. Mr. Forrest, an ornithologist with the American Museum in New York, had refused several opportunities for exploration in recent years, on account of his reluctance to leave his motherless children. This spring, however, an exceptionally pleasant life went on at Dutch Doors under



Illustrations by Robb Beebe



"HE IS STILL LOOKING A LITTLE PUZZLED"

Aunt Allie's expert supervision.

To be sure, Ran found changing to a strange high school in Kingsford for the spring term a little difficult, but Pan enjoyed every minute of her new existence. The crackle of pitchy logs in the fireplace as they breakfasted; the exciting little jobs of painting and beautifying to be done about the house; the guardianship of the gray mountains, where the old wood roads revealed yellow violets and blue hepaticas nestling among the prostrate trunks of the huge hemlocks, cut down and stripped of their bark for the tanneries, long ago.

Spring was on the way, but seemed to retreat as much as it advanced. And there was a special coziness about the afternoon teas in front of the fire. Mrs. Revell had a good deal to say about some Kingsford people whom she had met in Europe, the Cockburns, who had a daughter about Pan's age.

There was a new housekeeper, too, a "find" in a Mrs. Peters, who, after seeing an advertisement Mrs. Revell had put in a Kingsford paper, had called to apply for the position, accompanied by her son. They had recently worked on a Long Island estate, but had lost their positions on account of the depression. Mrs. Peters was English by birth, had been a lady's maid, but had learned how to cook. Her son, William, knew something of gardening, chauffeur-ing, and waiting on table. Altogether they seemed to Mrs. Revell, who had been prepared to find it very difficult to get good servants in America, a wonderful pair.

Now began a new régime on a scale and in a style which Maggie the old maid who had left in high dudgeon had never dreamed of, for Mrs. Peters seemed accustomed to using the best of materials lavishly, and William served the meals in a grand manner and white cotton gloves.

One day about a month after the Peters's arrival, Mrs. Revell asked Pan to drive with her to Kingsford to shop. Spring had by now thought better of her dilly-dallying. She had been busy along the road, decorating the trees with gay tassels and fringes, sharp-pointed buds, and small, starry, shiny leaves. Maple red flamed in the swamps, and green flowed in the valleys, but the high hills were still a purplish gray, faintly misted.

"What fun it is to be alive!" cried Aunt Allie as they drove happily along. "I love the Catskills. They're such livable mountains. I wish some one would write a legend about them, in which the hero does not go to sleep for twenty years. Personally, I prefer to be awake here, very wide awake, and to enjoy everything. America is so beautiful."

They had reached the village, and she stopped for gas.

At their second summons a youth in overalls came out of the hardware shop next to the gasoline stand. He was tall, with gray eyes and refractory thick brown hair, inclining to scalp locks at the crown.

The gas came to ninety-seven cents. The youth took Mrs. Revell's dollar and felt in his pockets for the change.

"Never mind," said Aunt Allie. The boy was still searching for the change.

"I'll go in the shop and get it," said he.

"No," Aunt Allie was gracious and imperative. "We don't want any change. It is for you."

"I don't think he expected anything, Aunt Allie," said Pan as they drove off. "He is still looking after us, a little puzzled."

"Oh, they always expect tips. Or, at least, it never does any harm— Oh!"

The cause of her shriek was dire catastrophe, taking shape as a truck, which, without the slightest warning, had plunged from behind an approaching sedan directly upon their side of the road. In vain Mrs. Revell's car's brakes screeched. The distance was too short for them to be effective. There was a crash, and the impact threw both her and Pan violently against the front of their car.

Pan's first sensation was shock and a burning indignation at the criminal carelessness of the truck driver. She screamed with fright and anger rather than with pain. The door of their car opened and a young man looked anxiously in.

"They're hurt all right," he said to someone behind him. "Help me get the lady out."

Pan realized for the first time that her aunt was sagging, a dead weight, against her, with blood oozing out from under her hat. There was something wet on her own face, her chest and knee felt queer.

"We'll take you right to the hospital," proposed the young man.

"Concussion," whispered the nurse, in answer to Pan's anxious question after her aunt's examination at the hospital. "She may not come out of it for quite a while. Now the doctor's going to fix you up."

"I don't think there are any fractures," so the doctor began, "though we'll have you x-rayed later to make sure. You seem to have come off pretty well, but you must stay here until the danger of pneumonia from that chest injury is over."

They telephoned Ran, who soon appeared. The car was badly damaged, he told her, and the truck driver uninsured and unable to pay.

"Lucky you're both alive!" he consoled her.

Mrs. Revell did not improve, and it was found that she had a skull fracture.

"It ought to heal eventually, but she will require very careful nursing for a long time," said the doctor. He suggested that after a couple of weeks she could be moved to a private sanitarium which he knew of, as there was no older relative at home. Pan agreed that that would be best.

Some days later Ran brought her a package of mail, mostly her aunt's, with two telegrams which the doctor to whom Pan showed them said meant that Mrs. Revell had lost a large sum of money in the stock market. It had taken a sharp turn downward about the time of her accident. The letter was plainer. It was from a real estate firm, and said that the deal for selling an office building she owned had fallen through on account of the sudden death of the man who was to buy it.

"Anyhow, my aunt has quite a lot of money in our bank in New York—the Trust Company of North America," Pan said. "I heard her speak to



MRS. PETERS

father about transferring her account there from Paris. It seemed more convenient."

The doctor looked at her oddly.

"Can you stand more bad news? That bank failed a few days ago!"

"No!"

"Sorry! You'll have to get in touch with your father and he'll make some arrangement. I think this sanitarium will take your aunt for the amount of the rent you have just mentioned, if I explain the circumstances, though it's less than they usually charge for such cases. But on no account must she be told any bad news until she is much stronger. Any shock now would be very serious."

A few days later, Pan was home again. She and Ran held a serious consultation.

"I do dread sending word to Dad. I suppose he'll give up the expedition and come home. That would be too dreadful."

"I do, too, and I feel I can make some money, if I only have a little time. This new model plane I'm working on is dandy, quite different from any other I've seen! I'm sure it will bring in some coin, somehow, when I get it just right."

"Maybe." Pan's tone was doubtful. "But one thing's certain, we can't afford to keep the Peters."

"They can't leave too soon for me," said her brother emphatically.

Mrs. Peters did not take their dismissal in the least as Pan expected.

"We might think of some other plan," she said. And the next morning she announced, "William and I have been talking things over, and we think we could help ourselves and you at the same time, by turning this place into an inn."

"Dutch Doors an inn! But I know my aunt wouldn't like that, nor my father either!"

"Then let them pay us our back wages—two hundred dollars—and make provision for you! But perhaps you've relatives or friends who'll help you out?"

"N-no!"

"Then you'd starve! Whereas, with an inn, you'd get your meals free, and you could have your tips from waiting on table."

Ran objected to the plan bitterly. He seemed to have taken a violent dislike to the Peters and said nothing would induce him to work for them. Pan thought him quite unreasonable. After all, it might be rather fun to keep an inn. And the cook had hinted that if she was not given an opportunity to earn money, she would have to sue Mrs. Revell for their wages—which would be too dreadful! She finally persuaded him to consent, on condition that he was entirely left out of the scheme. And she was businesslike enough to stipulate that she should have ten per cent commission on all that she sold of the antiques and gifts the cook proposed to lay in stock.

"William knows a restaurant in Kingsford that is selling out its stuff cheap," Mrs. Peters planned. "We'll have to take most of the furniture out of the sitting room where your father slept, and have the gift shop in there. The antiques I'm getting from a relative of mine who's in the old furniture business in Springfield."

And a little later, "We must have a sign board painted right away. Have you any idea what to call the place, Miss Pan? William wants to call it *Ye Eat Shoppe*, but that doesn't seem quite high-toned enough to me. How about *Ye Olde Wayside Inne*? Like this?" And the cook spelled the name



JUDY CHANGED THE SUBJECT ABRUPTLY. "WHAT ARE YOU CHARGING FOR THIS GLASS BOWL?"

as she fancied it on a piece of wrapping paper.

"But there is a Wayside Inn already, you know, near Boston."

Mrs. Peters seemed not to have heard of it.

"You make such good waffles," said

Pan. "How about calling it Waffle Inn? That would do."

"That wouldn't be bad," Mrs. Peters bent over the wrapping paper again. "How's this?"

YE WAYSIDE WAFFLE INNE
Meals Gyftes Antiques

Two heads is better than one, sometimes. That surely ought to take. It's old-fashioned, like the house."

Met in this conciliatory spirit, and thinking that possibly Mrs. Peters knew the public taste better than she, Pan repressed her opinion that the sign, as spelled, was ridiculous.

"William says there's a new sign painter in the village who's considered good. Will you go and see him about it, as we're too busy? It ought to be about this big," Mrs. Peters spread her arms wide. "And have an iron business to hang on from the post at the entrance to our drive. He's next the Pure-Pep gas station. You can't miss it."

Having reached the village, she climbed the stairs to the sign painter's place. It was over the hardware shop, a long room with a work bench, paint pots, pieces of lumber, and a young man in it. He looked up from some sawing, rather nonchalantly, not at all disturbed to have a city young woman see him in his paint-spattered workclothes. If anyone was embarrassed it was Pan. She perceived it was none other than the youth who had sold her aunt gas on the day of their accident. But she took from her purse the folded piece of wrapping paper, and explained her errand. "The idea is to have it look antique."

"I see. I can use an old-fashioned kind of lettering if you want me to," he replied politely.

"That would be fine," she said, and he agreed to have it all ready to put up two days later.

After leaving him, she remembered she had not inquired his price, so went back again. Half way up the stairs she paused. The door was a little ajar, and the sign painter's voice, raised in song, reached her (Continued on page 34)



WILLIAM PETERS

Perseverance and hard work are the foundations of Katharine Hepburn's glamorous career, just as they are the basis of success in any vocation



GOLF AND SWIMMING BUILT UP A PHYSIQUE WHICH HAS BEEN A GREAT ASSET

By DOROTHY VERRILL

It sounds like the story of a modern Cinderella, doesn't it? It is. And it is a story unique among the histories of screen stars. Never before has an actress in her first picture, with no previous screen experience and a brief stage career, topped the performances of experienced players, and won fame and stardom in one film. It is the fulfilment of the dream of every girl who longs for a stage career.

But although Katharine Hepburn achieved fame so suddenly that she is still wondering whether it is really true, it was not accomplished by magic or accident. It was won by four years of hard work and perseverance in the face of discouragements that only a brave girl with great determination could have surmounted. Every year thousands of girls come to New York, resolved upon a stage career, every year thousands drop out, even when they have studied acting at various schools or with amateur groups. But when a girl like Katharine Hepburn determines to be an actress and absolutely refuses to let anything keep her from realizing that ambition, it is a quite different story.

Every girl who wants a stage career must be prepared for a certain amount of disappointment. She must expect to make weary rounds of calls on producers, managers and casting agents, seeking a job and being told, "nothing for you today", before she even achieves a place as a "walk on", a part in which she has no lines to speak. She may have to rehearse for weeks without pay

in a cold, drafty theater, or in unbearable summer heat. Then, after the play opens, she may promptly find herself out of a job again because it is a failure. Many an actor or actress works hard for a month, without salary, rehearsing a play that lasts only two or three performances. Other plays survive but a few weeks. And the salary of a beginner is small.

But even when she has made this beginning, the girl who wants to be an actress is continually finding herself out of a job, for every play will end in time. Then there are more rounds to make. It may be years before she plays a "bit" which gives her a few lines to speak; more before she has an actual part with several "sides" of dialogue or speeches to be learned and delivered. Stardom seems far away. But the girl who is in earnest keeps on, unless she marries and retires, or is sidetracked into some other career.

These are the obstacles the average girl must face. But much more discouraging were the troubles overcome by Katharine Hepburn in the four and one half years between her start and her stardom. For not only did she meet the usual difficulties in getting a part, but over and over again, having secured it, having even rehearsed it, she lost it—often just before the Broadway appearance every actor and actress craves.

There were almost five years of these disappointments before she at last won recognition, but throughout those years, according to her family and her friends, she never blamed anyone else or any circumstance for her failures. Sometimes she cried a little—probably because any girl

COURAGE to fight heavy odds and ambition that overcame disappointments combined with natural talent and great strength of character won for Katharine Hepburn her remarkable success on stage and screen. Her triumph seemed to be sudden, almost magic.

One day she was known only to a small circle of theatergoers familiar with the New York stage. The next, she was being discussed everywhere as a new "find" of the films, a young American actress who made exotic, foreign stars seem artificial and tame. She had been seen in a great new talking picture, playing with world famous, experienced players and she had, in the slang of the theater, "stolen the show."

Katharine Hepburn, a slim, red-haired girl from Hartford, Connecticut, four years out of college, had acted with John Barrymore and Billie Burke in the film, *A Bill of Divorcement*. She had carried off first honors in a rôle demanding the finest sort of acting. A Broadway, first-night audience, the most critical in the world, paying several dollars apiece for tickets to the première, had literally cheered her performance. The news was flashed throughout the country, throughout the world. Her success was repeated wherever the picture was shown. She received honors in advertising, in lights and notices, and a five-year contract to make more films at a regularly increasing salary. But her contract stipulated her freedom to continue her stage career, for it was a stage success, after years of endeavor, that finally brought her to this screen triumph.

would have—but nobody ever saw her crying or heard her complaining. Instead, she lifted up her head, smiled her frank smile and went on.

When success arrived people everywhere asked, "Who is Katharine Hepburn?" It was found that very little was known about her, in spite of the many absurd, exaggerated stories published. But because her determination and pluck should be an inspiration to any girl who is starting on a career of her own, no matter what it may be, and because her life and background are so much like those of thousands of other girls in this country, here is a true story about this attractive young actress.

Katharine Houghton Hepburn was born in Hartford, Connecticut, the eldest daughter of Dr. Thomas N. Hepburn, a noted physician of that city, who is a Virginian, and his wife, who is a member of an old Boston family, although she herself was born in Buffalo. Mrs. Hepburn is a first cousin of Alanson Bigelow Houghton, whose father was her guardian, and who was once American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Katharine is the eldest of five children. After her come two brothers who are at college, and two younger sisters, Marion, fourteen years old, and Margaret, twelve. It is probably unnecessary to say that the younger girls are eager followers of Katharine's career, long to be actresses too, and count amateur theatricals their favorite diversion; while the boys are immensely proud of their big sister's success and save every line of print they find concerning her.

Mrs. Hepburn had won her M. A. and B. A. degrees at Bryn Mawr and Katharine, like her younger sisters, always looked forward to going to her mother's college. During Katharine's girlhood the family lived in one of Hartford's most interesting houses, the one-time home of Charles Dudley Warner, a noted editor and writer of his day, a friend and contemporary of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mark Twain and others of the old Hartford literary circle. It was in this house, with its spacious grounds, that he wrote *My Summer in a Garden* and it stood within a stone's throw of the Stowe and Twain homes in a lovely old residential section. The Hepburn family now lives in a new, English-type house of delightful rambling style in a Hartford

suburb—but the old Warner place still seems home to them, and especially to Katharine.

From childhood, Katharine spent much of her leisure time getting up plays, devising costumes, building scenery, rehearsing casts, playing any part that seemed expedient. At twelve she produced *The Sleeping Beauty*, acting herself the rôle of the Beast, a part theatrical managers would call the "heavy" and making, all by herself, a costume including a Beast's head of flannel, cardboard and various mysterious materials that caused a real thrill of horror in a large and appreciative juvenile audience. At a later period at the family's summer home on Long Island, she staged *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves* from a play written by her brother Dick, giving such an ambitious production that the entire colony attended and still on occasion talks about it.

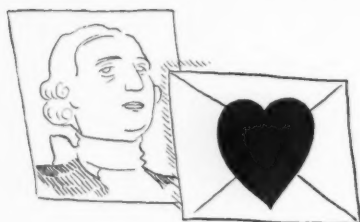
Theatricals were a favorite hobby with Katharine Hepburn, but not her only interest. She was an expert fancy diver when she was still a very little girl and she adored acrobatics. During the first twelve years of her life she had a tent and swing in the garden of her Hartford home, with a sliding trapeze from one of the big trees to another. Here stage productions gave way to circus stunts. Naturally this device was popular with her brothers and their friends, but nobody could outdo Kate in feats of daring and skill. Winter brought her a new delight—skating. Another favorite pastime with her is golf—when she was fifteen she was runner up in the Connecticut State Golf Championship for Women. All these activities helped to build up, through her girlhood, the sturdy physique, strong muscles and a cer- (Continued on page 48)



THE CHARMING YOUNG WOMAN, NOW FAMOUS, HAS MUCH IN COMMON WITH THE LITTLE FRECKLED GIRL SHE ONCE WAS, NOTABLY A LOVE OF OUTDOOR SPORTS



The Girl Who Wouldn't be Discouraged



Jo Ann's Drama

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

JO ANN stood in the hay loft of Gertner's barn with Wicky Wickham, Tommy Bassick and Ted Spence, and looked around. Mrs. Gertner had said there was nothing up there but there was. Half a dozen boxes were there, and cigarette butts and ends of matches were on the floor. Jo Ann hardly saw these as she looked at the hay loft.

"It's dandy!" she exclaimed. "It's just spiffy, Wicky. This raised part can be the stage, and the audience can sit in that lower part. Tommy and Ted can string up some sheets for a curtain and to make dressing rooms, and they can get chairs or make benches."

"Tommy and Ted can!" jeered Tommy Bassick. "We can do all the work. Oh, yes! And what will you be doing while we work our heads off?"

"I will be writing the play," said Jo Ann haughtily. "Wicky will be helping me."

"Oh, Jo Ann!" cried Wicky ecstatically. "Will you really let me help you?"

"Yes," said Jo Ann. "There has to be one copy for each of the actors. You can make the copies."

Jo Ann's birthday was the eighteenth of February and her mother had said she might have a birthday party. She had seen several plays recently and had loved them, so she had decided that a play must be part of her party, but her mother had said the house would be mussed up sufficiently by the party part of the party and that the play could not be given in the house. This was why Jo Ann was viewing the loft of Gertner's barn. It stood on the lot back of the house of Jo Ann's parents and the party could troop over and see the play and then return to the house for refreshments. It was to be an afternoon party.

The Four Musketeers—so Tommy and Jo Ann and Ted and Wicky called themselves since they had become friends—had already discussed the play and decided what it should be about, Jo Ann doing most of the deciding, as she usually did. They had talked that over before coming to see the loft.

"It can be a Valentine party, Jo Ann, and we can have a Valentine play," Wicky had said. "The eighteenth is close enough to Valentine's Day to make that all right."

"No, listen," said Tommy Bassick. "Washington's Birthday is the twenty-second. Make it a Washington's Birthday play, Jo Ann, because I won't dress up and be some kind of silly valentine. Ted can be George Washington. I want to be an Indian and scalp somebody."

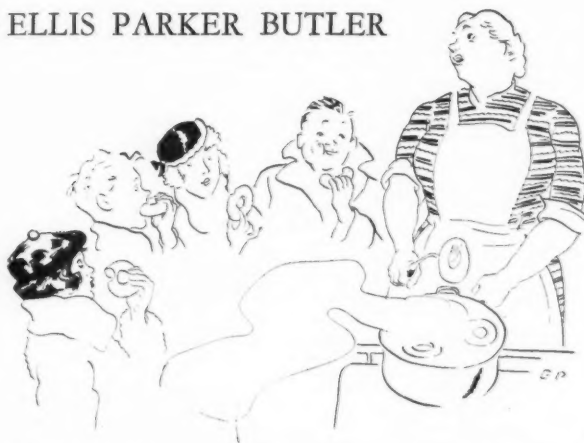
Tommy thought a lot of himself as an Indian. He had an Indian outfit he was proud of.

"But, Jo Ann," said Wicky, "Ted couldn't be George Washington if it is really a George Washington Birthday play. A birthday is the day a person is born, and Ted's too big for a baby that young."

"My birthday is just exactly in between Valentine Day and Washington's Birthday," said Jo Ann, "and the play is going to be about both. And that settles that. I'll have a Valentine-Washington party and a Valentine-Washington play, so you needn't talk any more about it."

"Are you going to have a battle in the play?" asked Tommy Bassick. "I want to be an Indian and scalp—"

"Oh, stop saying you want to scalp somebody!" cried Jo Ann. "I'll let you scalp somebody if that's all that will



"ALWAYS I LIKE TO SEE YOUNG PEOPLES HAVING A GOOD TIME"

satisfy you. You can be an Indian. I'll write an Indian part for you, and you can wear that Indian costume of yours."

"And, Jo Ann," begged Wicky, "you know that dress I have. Let me be Martha Washington, won't you?"

"You can't be Martha Washington if George Washington is a baby, can you? You weren't born yet when George Washington was a baby. But, I'll tell you, Wicky, you can be Mary Washington."

"Who was she?"

"She was George Washington's mother."

"And may I rock a cradle, Jo Ann? May I rock dear little George Washington in a cradle?"

"Yes. We'll have to get a cradle somewhere, and we'd better use a doll. A real baby would just about freeze to death up here. And Ted can be Augustine Washington."

"Who was he?" asked Ted.

"He was George Washington's father."

"Well, if I've got to be," said Ted. "I'd rather be George Washington. I'd like to be George Washington crossing the Delaware."

"How can you be George Washington crossing the Delaware if George Washington is a baby?" asked Wicky.

"But he could," said Tommy eagerly. "If I'm an Indian chief I could be coming with my tribe of warriors to massacre the inhabitants, and Wicky could pick up George Washington and flee with him. She could cross the Delaware on the ice, like Eliza in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. And, say," he exclaimed as he gained enthusiasm, "we could have bloodhounds chase her. I know some dandy dogs I could borrow."

"I won't be chased by dogs. I hate dogs," said Wicky.

"Oh, come on!" pleaded Tommy. "We'll put muzzles on them. I know how to make ice for you to cross on. You just take boxes and cover them with cloth and paint them ice color."

"What is ice color? How do you paint ice color?" asked Ted.

"Why, blue for blue ice, and green for green ice, and white for snow on the ice," explained Tommy.

"I should think it ought to be red, white and blue for a Washington Birthday play," jested Ted. "I want white ice—white ice for when I cross the Delaware. Jo Ann, can't I cross the Delaware, please?"

"Yes, I guess you can, Ted," Jo Ann said.

"But, Jo Ann," objected Wicky, "George Washington was born at Wakefield, in Virginia, and that isn't anywhere near the Delaware. It's miles and miles from it. I wouldn't



TOMMY BASSICK
AS AN INDIAN



JO ANN AS THE
SPY JIM TURNER



WICKY WICKHAM AS
MRS. WASHINGTON



TED SPENCE AS THE
TWO WASHINGTONS

be taking a baby all that way in freezing, icy weather." "Don't be silly," Jo Ann said. "If Ted is George Washington he wouldn't be a baby. A play can have more than one act in it, can't it? I think this play will have three acts in it, and George Washington can grow up between the acts."

"One act could be a battle," said Tommy Bassick eagerly. "I'll scalp somebody in a battle. That would make it terribly exciting."

"I don't think I want a battle in it," said Jo Ann. "I'll have to think it all out, and get a plot for it. There ought to be something helpful and improving in it. A play ought to teach something."

"When I'm rocking the cradle," said Wicky helpfully, "my husband could come in, and I could say 'Listen, Augustine, to what I've just been reading in this book about the care and feeding of infants.' And then I could read a page or two."

Tommy Bassick howled.

"Care and feeding of infants!" he jeered. "The bunch that will be at the party would rather hear about the 'care and feeding' of rabbits. That's the very worst idea yet."

It was quite a lively discussion and Jo Ann let them talk, but she meant to write the play as she chose. Wicky suggested that in the second act she might be Betsy Ross, making the first American flag, and that George Washington might bring her a valentine, thus getting Valentine's Day into the play, but Ted said he didn't think that George Washington would write a valentine for Betsy Ross because he was already married to Martha Custis. The discussion ended with but two suggestions accepted by Jo Ann. One was that Tommy could be an Indian and scalp someone in one of the acts, and the other was that Wicky could rock the young George Washington in a cradle. Jo Ann said that if she could manage to get the scene into her plot she would let Ted Spence cross the Delaware, but until she had thought out a plot she could not be sure.

Mrs. Gertner, when they went down from the loft, was dipping a batch of doughnuts from hot grease, placing them on brown paper, and she made the Four Musketeers

each take one. Jo Ann told her that they had looked at the loft and that it was a perfectly wonderful place to have the play.

"It's just what we want, Mrs. Gertner," she told the fat, good-natured woman. "It couldn't be better. The ladder going up to what will be the back of the stage makes it just right for my actors to get up there while the audience is going up the stairs."

"So?" said Mrs. Gertner. "Ain't that nice! And it was all nice and clean, no?"

"Well, almost. There were some cigarette ends and burnt matches."

"Hah! Them bad boys from back by the hill sneaks up there yet, I bet you. Six of them there are and no good. How could I keep them out, busy like I am?"

"And it will be all right if we fix up curtains and seats a few days early?"

"Oh, sure! Always I like to see young peoples having a good time. And for a George Washington party more than ever, yes. In my fatherland, before I ever come to America yet, have we on the wall a picture of George Washington. Always says my father, 'Look once. There sits a great man, Teena.' Always you must remember that great man's name."

"THAT SHOWED HOW GEORGE WASHINGTON COULD FIGHT IF HE REALLY HAD TO," SHE SAID



Illustrations by
Garrett Price



She pronounced the name "Chorch Vossington" but there was real admiration in her voice.

"Always my father says, 'Soon we go by the country where that great man lived and died, Teena', and we come when I am sixteen year old yet."

She insisted that they each take another of her luscious crullers, and they went back to Jo Ann's munching them.

As often happens when an author has to write something in a hurry for a special occasion, Jo Ann could not think of any plot for her play. Every idea she had ever had seemed to have fled from her brain. She wrote page after page, tearing each page into bits and throwing the bits into her waste basket.

Wicky tried to help her, offering suggestions, but for once Jo Ann was cross.

"Oh, do be still!" she cried. "How can I think when you chatter? I wish I had never said I would write a play."

Again and again she headed sheets of paper with *George Washington's Valentine* and wrote under that "A Play in Three Acts", and followed this with:

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Mary Washington
Julia Wickham
Augustine Washington
Ted Spence
George Washington
Ted Spence
Indian Chief
Tommy Bassick

She got no further than this. She found herself making squares and circles and houses on the paper as she racked her brain for ideas that would not come.

And then, suddenly, what seemed a splendid plot popped into her

mind all complete and ready to be put on paper. She began to write at full speed and with such vigor that the point of her pencil snapped. She picked up another and wrote, hardly stopping long enough at the ends of sentences to put in a period. Now and then she crossed out a word and wrote another in its place.

"Wicky, I've got it!" she cried. "It's simply spiffy. I've got everything in. I've got the valentine in, and I've got George Washington in every act. I'm a spy. I'll dress in men's clothes. I'm the villain, Wicky."

"Am I Mrs. Washington?" asked Wicky.

"Yes. You rock a cradle," laughed Jo Ann. "I didn't forget that. And Tommy scalps somebody. And Ted is George Washington. Everything is in that everybody wanted in. Except a battle. There's an after-the-battle, so Tommy can scalp me. Shall I read it to you, Wicky?"

"Of course, Jo Ann. I'm dying to hear it."

Jo Ann cleared her voice.

"It's called *George Washington's Valentine*," she explained, "and the play is in three acts, Wicky. The first act is in Mr. Augustine Washington's home at Wakefield, and George Washington is a baby in the cradle."

"Am I rocking it?" asked Wicky.

"Not yet. You aren't in the room yet. The baby is alone in the cradle. Then Mr. Augustine Washington comes in."

AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON: Ah, there is my baby George Washington, and he has just been born lately. Well, I am pretty busy, so I guess I'll hang up my old coat here and go out and plant a cherry tree. By the time it grows up George will be old enough to eat cherries, I guess.

"But, Jo Ann," said Wicky, "they say that George Washington didn't really cut down a cherry tree. They say that was only a fable."

"What of it?" asked Jo Ann. "What if he didn't? That wouldn't stop his father from planting a cherry tree if he wanted to, would it? Anyway, Mr. Washington goes out to plant a cherry tree, and Jim Turner comes in. He's a spy and he's looking for something to spy about."

JIM TURNER: Well, I guess here is where Jim Turner, the spy, has a chance to steal a valuable document without anybody knowing it. (He takes something from Mr. Washington's pocket and goes out as Mrs. Mary Washington comes in).

MRS. WASHINGTON: Well, well! Here is my dear baby George Washington. Just think, some day he may grow up and win the Revolutionary War and be President of the United States. I guess I will rock him awhile. (She rocks the cradle and sings to George Washington, and Mr. Washington comes in).

AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON: I see you are rocking George Washington in his cradle, wife. And, by the way, I wrote a valentine for you on Valentine's Day but I was so busy with one thing and another I forgot to give it to you. (He looks in his coat pocket). Well, well, it is gone. Somebody took it out of my pocket. Did you see anybody around here?

MRS. WASHINGTON: I saw that mean spy, Jim Turner, go out as I came in.

AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON: Curses upon him. He must have thought it was some kind of valuable document. Listen! I hear the footsteps of his horse departing. It is too late to get it back now.

"I think that's great, Jo Ann," Wicky said. "Read the second act."

"The second act is the place where the Battle of Monongahela was fought, but the battle is over," said Jo Ann. "George Washington is a man now and he is looking at the battlefield."

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Well, well! This Battle of Monongahela was a pretty bad battle and I guess General Braddock is a good deal defeated by the French and Indians. He didn't half expect the defeating that he got.

INDIAN GIRL: Yes, sir, Mr. Washington, he is badly defeated, and he is also dead. (Continued on page 38)

THE INTRUDERS HALF
FELL AND HALF CLIMB-
ED DOWN THE LADDER

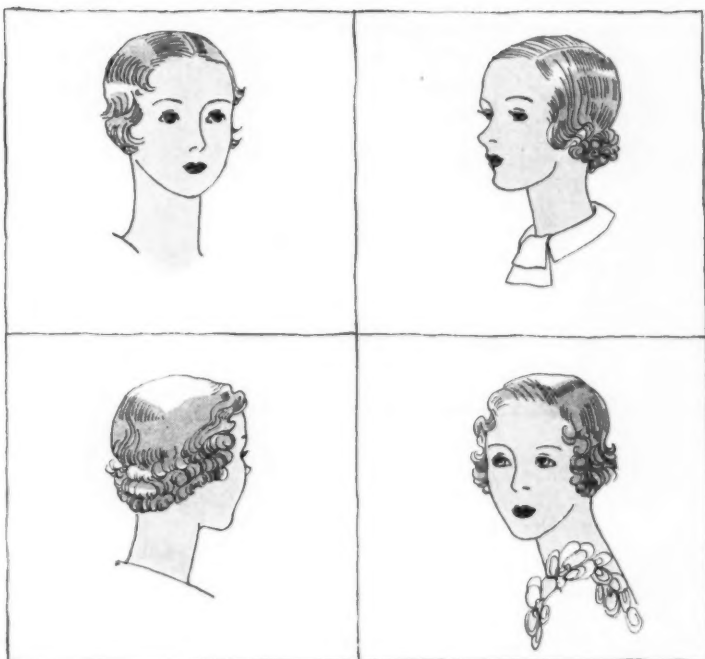
Snip Goes Her Hair

By KAY TORREY

Illustrations by

Katherine Shane Bushnell

EVERY GIRL WANTS TO KNOW HOW TO ARRANGE HER HAIR ATTRACTIVELY. HERE ARE FOUR STYLES OF HAIRDRESSING SELECTED AT THE BEAUTY SALON OF BEST AND COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.



THE old story book heroine had only to lengthen her skirts and pin up her hair to become a young lady. Nowadays, when a girl reaches her 'teens she graduates from a Dutch cut, pigtailed or a barrette clasping the hair at the nape of the neck to *shorter* hair—a bob that is shaped a little to adjust it to her head and her features.

Her bob differs from her big sister's only in its simplicity. It avoids any extreme, over-sophisticated cut or fussy waves and it doesn't depend on a permanent wave for its looks.

The illustration at the upper right shows a charming coiffure for a girl of thirteen who naturally doesn't want to spend hours every day arranging her hair. It doesn't require any wave and shouldn't need a trimming with shears oftener than once in six or eight weeks. It is brushed a great deal to give it a smooth, slick look.

Every night the dampened ends are rolled tightly on patent curlers or six-inch strips of flannel. About eight curlers should be plenty. In the morning, with curlers removed, the ends, when brushed and combed out, are so lively and springy that it is easy to mould them into sixteen or twenty little soft ringlet curls. You shape each ringlet by brushing a lock of hair around your forefinger or around a smooth fat pencil. Notice how the lock of hair at each side is arranged so that the ends curl softly back and up. Each side lock is held securely in place by a bobbie pin or tiny hairpins. If you wear your beret rakishly over your right eye you may prefer to part the hair at the right in order to have a nicer eastern exposure.

Polly-at-School is shown at the upper left. She doesn't have to bother much about a wave but she relies on a good hair cutter. This isn't as severe as the old boyish bob, for the locks at the back aren't shingled as short. They are brushed sleekly down until the hair clings to the head like a gleaming cap. Around the face the hairdresser cuts little wisps that make soft tendrils. These aren't difficult to keep in training even if the hair hasn't a natural wave. Just dampen them and press them into shape whenever you dress your hair. If you remember to push the hair up at the sides to keep it soft and loose you may soon find that it develops just a trace of a wave above the ears—enough of a wave to soften the severity of the center part. With the part on the side this style would do very well for the girl whose face

is round and plump. It doesn't make her head look larger because the hair is kept flat, with no fluffy curls. And her face looks a little narrower because the side locks cling to the ears and turn forward on the cheeks.

Very thick, wiry hair *can* be a great asset. See what the girl in the lower left illustration has done about it. She brushes it down smoothly on top, with no attempt at a wave. She has it cut across the back in three layers of varying lengths, the top one about even with the top of her ears and the bottom one just slightly below the neckline. Then all she has to do is *brush* those ends *up*. A drawing can't hope to show the casual effect that you get with all this lovely mass of upturned intertwined ends. Under a hat they're captivating. Above a long neck they're softening. If the hair is trimmed often enough there's no necessity for a permanent or for wavers. Bushy, unruly hair is simply made for a hair cut like this.

The fourth drawing might be called "Sub-Deb Ready for a Party" for when the frivolous sub-deb slips into a party frock she wants her hair to look as though bound for a party and not for the classroom. To most girls that means a soft wave—something they probably couldn't afford to keep up every day, but worth the extra effort when they are aiming to look especially fascinating.

For school the curls would be considerably flatter, unless they were needed to give extra width to a thin face. Naturally wavy hair can be pinched and poked and urged into just such wide waves and fluffy curls. There are all sorts of patent curling devices designed to curl the cut ends and these are a life-saver for those with hopelessly straight hair. Even without these wavers you don't have to depend on hot irons or a permanent wave. Just dampen the ends with water or wave lotion. Then twist each little lock in a flat spiral that looks like a watch spring or a snailshell. Weave an invisible hairpin through the spiral to lock it close to the head. When the hair is completely dry pull out the pins, comb out the fluffy ends and shape them just as you like.

Another popular young style, which has a great appeal to the straight-haired is the windblown bob. This calls for a well-shaped head, and it shelters the extra high or bulging forehead. The hair is brushed (Continued on page 39)



Illustrations by
Frank
Spradling

HANS LARSEN, THE
FLYING SWED

A story of a girl and her dog team in Alaska

By NORMA BICKNELL MANSFIELD

NORTHERN LIGHTS were warring in the sky as Claire Jameson swung her dog team into the home stretch and slid down the hill to the cabin. It was dinner time and she was late. Waiting only to pat King's shaggy black head before turning the team over to the lame Indian approaching her, she sped toward the house on her mukluks. Pete was going out on a call after dinner. He had specified an early meal that he might have an hour's leisure before taking up his duties for the night.

Dr. Peter Jameson had come to Alaska to make his fortune raising fur; he had remained to practise his profession. In the States he had hated his work, five hours in a hospital, three hours in an office, day after day. In Alaska he loved it, and while he grumbled to his sister that his hours were longer, his work harder than it had been in the States, Claire knew that now he would never be happy elsewhere. She threw open the cabin door and closed it swiftly. Pete turned from the radio to greet her as she pulled off her skin mittens.

"Storm brewing," she told him, removing toque and fur coat. "You'll have a job getting through if it breaks tonight, Pete."

"So the radio has just informed me," her brother replied, offering a hand with her mukluks. "I'll get through. The trail around the mountain is clear enough. Besides, the storm may not break for days."

Claire stood up and shook herself. It was good to be free of her heavy outer garments after three hours behind the dog team. She stretched and flexed her arms. Pete grinned at her.

"You get prettier by the minute, Sis," he said, "and taller. Also thinner. You're doing too much, trailing with that dog team of yours. You'll wear yourself out."

"Bunk!" Claire spread her hands to catch the warmth from the fire, tossing her words over her shoulder to Pete. "I'm training my team to beat Hal's," she reminded him. "He won last Saturday."

"What will it prove if you beat him day after tomorrow?"

"That King's a better dog than his Noguk," the girl answered promptly. "It wasn't a fair trial last week and Hal admits it. On the down-stretch Noguk climbed into the sled and rode."

"Naturally. He's been taught to do that."

"King had been taught the same thing," Claire protested, "but when I told him to stay out, he stayed out and whipped his team into obeying him. The time it took for King to straighten out the other dogs lost us the race. We're racing a shorter distance this time, on the level! King will make good now all right."

Pete laughed. He turned toward the dining table set with steaming food in one alcove of the big living room. An Indian woman set a plate of hot biscuits beside the jar of honey. Claire linked her arm in Pete's and led him toward the table. Behind them the door swung open and Hans Larsen entered the room.

"Hello!" he shouted, "am I in time for grub?" Claire ran to greet him while Pete instructed Namak to set another place. Then he turned to his guest.

"Never too late for food in this house," he replied. "So you heard the storm warning, too? Don't tell me an airplane has to respect an Alaskan snow flurry!"

Larsen threw back his huge head and roared. He was a big man, standing six feet six, his shoulders and arms proportioned accordingly. In Alaska he was known as "The Flying Swede". His appearances on earth were so infrequent that he had become almost a legendary figure. He had, however, found time to become Dr. Jameson's steadfast friend. When he spoke his big voice boomed through the cabin.

"No, my friend," he said. "It is of you I have been thinking. If the storm breaks tonight the glacier may show new crevasses—and the morning may show you at the bottom of one of them. I have come to offer my services, to take you to Pack's cabin." Pete stared at him incredulously.

"Are you crazy?" he demanded at last. "There's no landing field near Pack's cabin. We'd be circling up there in the sky looking for a place to come down while inside the cabin Pack's wounded hand collected a nice case of blood poisoning. No, thanks. King will get me through." Larsen returned his friend's stare. Then he lifted his huge shoulders in an acquiescent shrug.

"The biscuits are getting cold," Claire put in. They sat down together. Claire had learned to love Alaska, but she had never learned to accept its loneliness. To her a guest remained as welcome as Christmas no matter at what hour of the day or night that guest appeared. Her eyes were sparkling now as she urged venison and honey on Hans Larsen.

"How is the King dog?" he demanded at last, having given his usual full attention to his meal. "I suppose he's as wonderful as ever. Is he still black and still willing?"

"No blacker, but always more willing," Claire laughed.



SHE KEPT HER EYES ON KING'S BLACK
CLINGING TO THE HANDLE BARS, DRAG-

Tell That to King

"Why, Hans, he'd pull me over the mountain if I asked him to! He really is a marvellous dog. He'd do anything."

"So? You think?" The Flying Swede, with the informality natural to him, pushed back his chair and, lifting his cup of coffee, carried it to a seat near the fire. Claire joined him, carrying the coffee pot while Pete brought up the rear with two more cups.

"That mountain, now," Hans began, and Claire made herself comfortable, hoping a story was to follow, "has killed five men—who thought they had dogs that would pull them over. One man has crossed the mountain in the winter time, an Indian, name of Chuchuk. You've heard of him before this, no doubt. Old Chuchuk, the Storm Warning. Some people say he's crazy, but you'll never hear a man whose life he's saved say that. And he's saved a good many. He can smell a storm. He can feel it before a wild goose feels the ruffling of its feathers, and it means just one thing to him—danger! A white man saved him from freezing to death in a blizzard when he was a boy. Now he goes as much as a hundred miles to warn white men when a storm is coming. Crazy? Maybe he is. I'd call him a grateful man." Pete nodded slowly.

"He's warned me twice," he said, "in good time. He knows I must go out at any hour of the night, any distance. I never worry now. You tell me, Hans, I shouldn't go out tonight. If Chuchuk had told me that I would have set my affairs in shape before starting. As it is, well—I'll take a chance."

Claire's uneasy frown cleared from her face.

"That's right," she said, "I hadn't thought of that. A bad storm would have brought Chuchuk to us." She turned to Hans. "What makes the mountain so perilous?" she demanded. "If any dog could pull me across, King could do it. I may try him there some day." She was smiling now, teasing Larsen, but the Flying Swede refused to answer her jest. He shook his head soberly at her.

"There is no trail. With a trail, maybe. And with a miracle dog. Chuchuk has done it, but," he spoke emphatically, "it—can't—be—done!" No one broke the silence that followed

until Larsen himself turning toward Pete spoke again. "Why did you plan to go by night?" he asked him.

"Because he's too busy to go by day," Claire answered for her brother. "And tomorrow he must answer a call ten miles beyond Pack's cabin. When he gets back here the next day there's a major operation to be performed—and so on."

"And you were going to be a fur farmer," Larsen jeered good-humoredly.

"I like it," Pete asserted defensively, glancing at his watch. "Time to go. Jim will have the dog team ready before I am." He disappeared into his own room to don *parka* and *mukluks*. Claire turned to Larsen.

"I wish I were going with him," she said, stirring the fire restlessly. Larsen nodded.

"Here," he said, "a man is fortunate to have even a dog team with him on a trek. I am always happiest, of course, traveling alone, but many men are not like that." His face lightened and he grinned at Claire. "Have you taught King to speak English yet? I expect it of him."



EARS . . . AND FOUND HERSELF
GING BACK AGAINST THE DOGS

Claire laughed. "He's too intelligent to need words," she retorted. "If you want to see an honest to goodness dog race, be out on the Flats next Saturday," she challenged him. "King and I are racing Hal Dobson's Noguk. And," she took a deep breath, "King and I are going to win."

"Noguk is a good dog," Larsen said slowly. "It is good to believe in your own, but is better to admit true worth. Not that I think Noguk will win," he added hastily, as the girl lifted truculent eyes.

"You'll be in Walla Walla, or New York or Agua Caliente," she replied, "but I wish you could see it, Hans. No one around here will admit King's worth, just because I found him. I'll admit he was a forlorn pup, but he's a dog now, the best of his kind."

"And willing to wear his heart out for his mistress," Pete added, reappearing. "If he pulls me through in record time tonight, Sis, I'll believe all you say. But he doesn't do his best for me. Noguk would give his best for anyone."

"That doesn't make him the better dog," Claire replied, stubbornly. "His best isn't good enough."

"All of which reminds me," Larsen broke in, "that I have a message for you, Claire. You are invited to a party at Hilda Brinson's a week from Wednesday. You're to come early and bring your prettiest dress. You can change there. I almost forgot," he added ruefully. Claire forgave him.

She bade the two men goodnight and disappeared into her own room before they had separated outside the cabin, one to his dog sled, the other to his snowshoes to return to his plane. Claire, fingering the lengths of materials kept on hand to be made up for just such occasions as Hilda Brinson's party, heard their shouted farewells absent-mindedly.

A full hour later she was still debating which pattern and which material to use, but when the matter was settled to her satisfaction she rose and went about her evening chores. She glanced at the sky before returning to her room. The threatening haze had cleared, leaving a black and undimmed sky in which the stars blinked like phosphorescent pinheads.

"Safe journey through," she murmured to herself, hoping the thought would carry to Pete pushing on through the night on his errand of mercy.

Morning brought a clear, cold day. As Claire opened her sewing machine and set to work on her new dress she was thinking more of the coming race with Hal than about Pete. The day passed swiftly. Pete should be home by ten o'clock. Claire had warned the Indian woman to keep food warm for him. He would be hungry. She ate her own dinner with her eyes on the half-finished dress. A wind had sprung up but she scarcely noticed it, so intent was she on her own immediate business of creating a masterpiece for Hilda's party. The Indian woman startled her into a consciousness of the change of weather.

"Snow," the woman said succinctly, pointing to the window. Claire glanced at her stupidly a moment, deep in

her own thoughts. The next second she was at the door. On the doorstep she stood shivering, looking toward the sky. A fine drift of snow fell on her shoulders. She could not believe, at first, that the storm had come. The night was dark, impenetrably dark with the snow falling faster constantly. Still, neither the snow nor the dark caused the uneasiness that settled on Claire now. She was thinking of Chuchuk's defection. For the first time he had failed to bring his warning and Pete had gone out, trustingly.

Claire returned to the fireplace. No need to worry yet. Pete was not due for another three hours. But the girl could not stand still. She roamed from window to window. She put on her fur jacket and stood in the snow which fell steadily now. And through her mind went Larsen's words: "If the storm breaks tonight, the glacier may show new crevasses—and the morning may show you at the bottom of one of them." Claire gritted her teeth. Without her dog team, without King, she was powerless to help her brother. She must wait.

Ten o'clock passed after an endless time. Ten-thirty passed, and eleven o'clock. Scarcely knowing what she did, Claire changed her clothes, putting on warm underclothes and her furs. She carried her snowshoes to the door and left them leaning against the wall while she looked again at the weather. The wind had risen to a howling fury. Pete was out in the storm. Chuchuk had brought no warning. At last, when waiting was no longer possible, Claire fastened her snowshoes to her feet. Her mouth was set in a grim line. Namak watched her with understanding eyes.

"Keep the food warm," she said quietly, tugging at her gloves. Namak nodded. Claire pulled the door shut behind her and stood a moment testing the wind before leaning her body to it. As she passed the dog shed she saw Jim, the lame Indian, waiting in stolid silence, unable to help. She waved an encouraging hand and went on past the silent, empty dog sheds. With King to lead her she could have followed the trail easily, despite the blinding snow. Now she had only her own instinct to guide her. Closing her mind on the danger, she sped on with an Alaskan's sure-footedness and trust. Her lungs began to ache with the cold. She swung her arms and pushed on.

And then, suddenly, she heard a noise. A dog team rushed toward her. She had only time to jump from the trail as King led his team past. Pete halted them with a word at her cry.

"Why, Sis," he shouted, "what happened?"

"What happened to you?" she countered, her voice almost merry with relief. "I came out to find you. Did you get off the trail?"

"No," Pete replied shortly.

"Climb on the sled. I'll ride you in. Too bad you worried."

"Climb on yourself," Claire retorted, "I'm not tired."

"King can pull you but not me," Pete objected. "He's done in."

"King?" Claire's voice was incredulous as she ran to the lead dog. She stripped off her (Continued on page 31)

Wings

DOROTHY KOCH

A THOUSAND wings roar headlong
through the air,

Filling the lonely emptiness of night.

It's man, freed finally from the earth in flight,

Restless, soaring for dreams, not caring where

If lost to earthly conflicts and despair;

Tasting a new, ambrosial delight,

Elixir drunk with each new mounting height

While we below can only sigh and stare.

Thus men go on in never-ending quest

Of what has been untasted and unknown:

Eager to meet the future face to face,

Not ready to believe that life's a jest,

Or what we know, although we have not flown,

Or that dreams leave the world a lonely place.

"American Girl" Poetry Contest

Making a Typewriter Talk

By HELEN FOLLETT

A NOISY confusion everywhere—derricks screeching, booms swinging out their huge nets for the dock stevedores to fill from the piles of stacked-up cargo; the banging of trunks and the rattling of trucks; the shouting of passengers all around us. With our two suitcases and our two typewriters at our feet, my young shipmate and I stood on the wharf, looking up at the cause of the commotion—the steamer *Islander*, making ready for the West Indies. "Grand, isn't it, all this?" Barbara finally said, and then added quickly: "You're not worrying, Mother, are you? We'll make *them* talk, you know," and she gave her typewriter case a gentle kick. "Earning our way around with them—don't forget that's what we said would be half the fun of this adventure. Come on, let's go aboard."

To make a typewriter talk—that was what Barbara used to say when she was a little girl. Having used one from a time she could hardly remember, she had learned at the same time a good deal about words—how to make them say things for her, how to phrase them into sentences and paragraphs, and how to punctuate those sentences. The little typewriter was a very good teacher of English grammar. But that was only because typewriting, something she loved to do, became a daily habit, and a valuable part of that habit was the practice in using words; it was only the daily theme turned into a delightful adventure. As time went on, naturally her skill increased, both in typewriting itself and her use of written words, so that when she was fourteen she felt more than half sure that with a typewriter under one arm and a ream of paper under the other, earning her way around the seven seas would be no trick at all. But she did admit that she wouldn't want to try it alone.

She was more than half right, too! We turned a two-month vacation trip into a two-year adventure. In cargo steamers or in small schooners we wound our way among the islands of the West Indies, through the Panama Canal, into the South Pacific among the South Sea Islands, then to Honolulu, from there to the northwest coast of this continent, and home to Washington, D. C. Nearly all that time we earned a tropical living, and transportation in the tropics is not what it is up north, not by a long shot.

What would you think if you could buy some pretty cotton print for twenty cents, and pay another twenty cents to have it made into a dress? Or if you and your older sister could find a room for sixty cents a day, with a breakfast of

fruit for four cents, and twenty cents more for a chicken dinner? How would you like to pay fifty cents and sleep on the deck of a schooner with the stars over you and the wind blowing in your face, instead of in a five-dollar hot stuffy cabin? How about traveling in a cargo boat, living back aft with strange people from Europe, yourselves the only English-speaking ones among Swedes, Italians, Germans, Russians, and French?

Should you mind eating at the long dining room table with these people, while, often as not, you watched out of the corner of your eye a rat whisking along the big ropes which were a part of the old-fashioned steering gear? Suppose this cargo boat took four times as long as a fine steamer but cost you a fifth of the price; suppose she were taking you to the loveliest of the South Sea Islands, the one that had been to you all your life nothing more than a tiny dot on your map of the Pacific Ocean!

It was lucky for us that we didn't mind those things—they were really part of the fun. The combined talking of the two typewriters, I am sure, could not have earned for us anything more than the simplest living, the cheapest transportation. But there was more to it than that. Our typewriters were often the cause of real friendships with the island people, and gave us some of our happiest days. It was a

little typewriting for a government official that sent us to visit one of the loveliest places on the lovely island of St. Lucia, where, entertained as the town's guests, we were taken around to lime orchards and to the great cocoa estates and the jungle. Another time, my shipmate helped to translate a Danish captain's very bad English into very simple French, and for that we were entertained aboard one of the few sailing ships now in existence.

At sea, in cargo boats, our typewriters were often the only ones aboard, and that meant a rare exchange of favors. My shipmate would typewrite reports for the captain or chief engineer; she would write out lists of supplies for the bo's'n or the cook, or menu cards for the steward. In return, the captain or mate would teach her how to use a sextant—help her to "shoot a star"; or the chief engineer would take her down in the engine room, introduce her to eccentrics and piston rods and then send her on deck with a book under her arm and a problem to solve.

"You see, we are making them talk, aren't we?" my shipmate said to me one day. We were then in a cargo boat in the Caribbean Sea, steaming away from an island torn and crumpled by a hurricane. Five hundred words



A GANGPLANK MAY LEAD TO THRILLING ADVENTURES

we had been asked to write about that island, and for those words a trade journal had given us this chance—our full passage—of learning something about the fury of a tropical hurricane. My shipmate's typewriter was on her bunk, and she herself perched up on the empty case was writing a description of the island as she had seen it from the steamer's deck; this would go along with the story I had picked up from an old Negro whom we had discovered sadly poking among the ruins of his island. When she said: "You see, we *are* making them talk, aren't we?" I was suddenly impressed with the full meaning of her words.

I rolled a fresh piece of paper in my typewriter and began to write another story, and this was a typewriter story in every sense of the word. Listening to my shipmate's steady tapping at the keys recalled to me the whole tale—how she had used one since she was five years old, and how it had encouraged her to write, so that through practice she had begun to understand the importance of written language; how at this very moment, when she was fourteen and in the midst of the first great adventure of her life, the typewriter was of practical use to her, while at the same time it was the means of preserving in written words the events of the new world around us.

Time passes very quietly in the tropics, and soon the answer to that article had reached us at another island. The editor of a magazine liked it because, as he wrote, "every young person should carry into the business world a ready use of a typewriter, and along with that an intelligent use of the written language." It was that article which paid our passage from the West Indies to the Island of Tahiti in the South Pacific. There, again, there was typewriting to do; this time, my shipmate copied a collection of Tahitian legends. But then, in Tahiti life is simple. Fruits, vegetables, and fish are very cheap; so is a little bamboo house. The tapping of typewriters, mingled with the occasional dull thud of a coconut falling, or with the thunder of surf on the coral reef, sounded strange and unreal.

Westward we sailed in a French cargo boat, with our two suitcases and our two typewriters. We tapped them in our cabin, door wide open to the trade winds and the blue

SHE TRANSLATED THE CAPTAIN'S BAD ENGLISH INTO SIMPLE FRENCH



AN ABILITY TO USE WRITTEN WORDS IS IN ITSELF AN ADVENTURE

tropic skies. They seemed very strange to the Fiji Islanders, when we typewrote on the long dining room table on our way to Samoa; but they were stranger still on the pebbled floor of a grass hut in a Samoan village, where they were magic to tattooed chieftains and their wives, and where that very magic bought us friendship, food, lodging in the native houses, where the boys came out of curiosity and sang their native songs, and danced their native dances for us.

To Honolulu, and then the northwest coast, we sailed. And on the way south around the coast we began the writing of the West Indies adventure, reliving again in written words those colorful days of nearly two years before. In the dining room of the cargo boat that brought us around the coast in twenty-eight days, it was not the typewriters themselves that seemed strange, but rather, the story of our trip through the islands. We continued tapping out that story after our last cargo boat had landed us in Washington, D. C. For the first time in two years, the typewriters found themselves in old, familiar surroundings, far away from the coral beaches, grass huts, and coconut palms. Each day those lovely islands of the West Indies came back to us, forcing themselves upon us in all their tropical splendor, urging us to put down something of their life and beauty in written words. And then once more, we picked up our suitcases and our two typewriters and landed again in the chaos of a New Jersey dock.

Some time afterward we came upon a bit of exciting news—another typewriter story. We discovered that while my shipmate and I were making our typewriters talk around the Caribbean Sea and the South Pacific Ocean, hundreds of children in kindergarten and in the grades of many elementary schools were having a typewriter adventure of their own. These children were not bothering themselves (and no one else was bothering them) with touch systems, or charts, or any typewriting methods of any sort; they were using them as a way of telling their stories, writing letters, or poems, or geography lessons. They were making them say things, making them talk. When I read the book that describes this, and saw some of the children's own work, then I felt pretty sure that these children were finding their first exciting adventure right then and (Continued on page 47)



THIS IS AN ATTRACTIVE AND CONVENIENT TABLE ARRANGEMENT FOR AN INFORMAL PARTY AT WHICH GUESTS HELP THEMSELVES

Kitchen Parties

FEBRUARY, the party month, is here again—a grand opportunity for you to try your hand at the buffet suppers and kitchen parties that are so popular. One is for a supper to be served in the kitchen after a hiking party. Everybody helps himself. One of the guests may be asked to serve the soup, another to make the toasted cheese sandwiches, and a third to superintend the serving of the cocoa, malt cocoa or coffee substitute.

Hot tomato soup
Pretzels
Grilled cheese sandwiches
Dill pickles
Apples and bananas
Fudge or marshmallows
Cocoa or cider

The other is for a sit-down supper, and should be tried out only when there is a fairly small number of guests.

Tomato juice cocktail
Individual chicken pies
Potato chips
Apple and celery salad
Chocolate cake
Bonbons Nuts and raisins
Coffee substitute

At this party you may still set everything out on a buffet and let everyone help himself, but there should be card tables or a long table so that everyone may sit down to eat.

By WINIFRED MOSES

For your kitchen buffet use the kitchen table or sideboard, or if these are not long enough put card tables together. Cover with a paper cloth or leave bare. In the picture I used long strips of Japanese cotton. And by the way, this is an interesting way to arrange the cloth for a luncheon table. At one end put a tray, as many cups and spoons as you have guests, and a big pitcher for the soup. Add a bowl of pretzels if you like. At the other end put the cheese board, with cheese and cheese knife, and mustard; the bread board or box with bread, and the grill or toaster if you have one. If you haven't, omit bread, and use bowls of crackers instead.

In the center put the bowl of fruit or doughnuts and four candles, using anything you happen to have for candlesticks. I am using tin moulds. At one side arrange your paper plates and napkins; at the other a tray bearing the pitcher of cider or a pot of cocoa or coffee substitute with cups and spoons and the pickles, olives, marshmallows or bonbons.

One time when I was taking a long cold journey from Berlin to Copenhagen, I had dinner with a man from Sweden. He chose the menu. At the end of what was to me a very hearty dinner, the waiter brought a big tray filled with many kinds of cheese, slices of bread and a dish of butter. Instead of dessert everyone ate slices and slices of bread and butter topped by the kind of cheese preferred. Serving cheese instead of dessert is a Continental custom which we are beginning to copy (*Continued on page 46*)

The Laughing Princess

By MABEL CLELAND

Illustrations by Marguerite de Angeli

SHE LEAPED upon the horse and turned its head toward Calais. A silver sickle of a moon rode high in the sky and by its pale light Rosamond saw the road stretching away into the darkness before her. She gave the horse his head and the night wind whistled past their ears as they galloped on.

Her greatest fear was that she should miss Hugh, for the coach had been attacked near the western gate and she had been forced to gallop through and leave it well behind her. Her horse was sweating now. Flakes of foam dashed in her face. But she dared not lessen her speed. She knew that Luigi had recognized her and that he had sharply called out some order to another man. It might be that even now he or one of his companions followed her. Even as she wondered what to do were this the case, she heard behind her the pounding of a horse's hoofs. Nearer and nearer it came.

The other horse kept gaining on her. Rosamond bent low in the saddle and told herself that if the pursuing rider were Luigi she would use her sword and fight until the very end. Suddenly she sharply pulled up her horse and guided him to the side of the road. There friendly shadows hid them. She drew her sword and sat in readiness for she knew not what. The man and horse appeared at last but the horse walked slowly. It was evident that the rider had sensed what Rosamond had done. Suddenly a voice called out, "Rosamond, where are you? It is Hugh!" Rosamond could have cried for happiness. Hugh pointed ahead.

"There are the lights of the inn," he said, as he urged on his horse to an easy gallop. Rosamond followed closely on his heels. Soon they were settled comfortably enough for the night.

Rosamond was the first to awaken the next morning. After she had called Hugh she went down to the garden to walk among the early green things that were just thrusting their heads above the ground. There Hugh found her and drew her in for breakfast. He looked pale and haggard in the morning light. His wound had bled a little—red stained the white cloth bound about it. When they were on the high road again Rosamond began anew to worry about Hugh's paleness. The dark circles under his eyes distressed her. But he made light of it and vowed he would turn back if Rosamond kept on bothering him.

They rode on mile after mile until they stopped beside a wooded lake to eat the luncheon which the innkeeper had prepared. Rosamond washed her face and hands in the cool water and bathed Hugh's wound. He lay upon the bank where the tender grass blades were just peeping through, and let her bathe his face, too, and he said that he felt better. When they started off again it seemed to both that the afternoon had passed far more quickly than had the morning. The sun was setting when they entered Calais and Hugh sought an inn by the water front. They found the boat did not sail until dawn the following morning, a half dozen hours later than they had thought. So they went to bed as soon as they had had supper.

It was still dark when Rosamond awoke to a knocking on her door. She called out that she would be ready very soon. She dressed as quickly as she could in the gold light of a candle and went in search of Hugh.

Candle held high before her, she picked her way carefully along the long dark hall. When a low murmur of voices around a corner reached her, she went in that direction, to discover two servants whispering outside Hugh's

door. What was their mission?

"What ails you?" she asked in her deepest voice, holding the candle closer so that she could see them in its flaring light.

"Your brother—" one began. There was a worried look upon his face as if he feared to tell his news.

Rosamond waited to hear no more but pushed open the door of Hugh's room and went in. Her brother, looking flushed and weak but very stubborn was lying back against the pillows and the doctor, a tall, dark man with eyes that gleamed with anger and a mouth set just as stubbornly as Hugh's, frowned down at Rosamond.

"This brother of yours must obey me!" he said at once. "If he insists upon keeping on with his journey I wash my hands of him! He is very sick and needs must rest a long while here in bed."

Hugh protested in a weak, indignant voice, "I only asked you for a drink of medicine that would last me through the day and take this fearful heat from out my body!"

"There's nothing I can give you to do that!" the doctor snapped. "You need a week of rest and quiet to give your wound a chance to heal."

"I tell you that I *can't* stay here!" Hugh almost shouted.

Rosamond went to him. She half turned and looked up at the doctor.

"If you leave us for a minute there may be something I can do to make him stay," she whispered desperately for she well knew that Hugh could never make the journey being as ill as he was now. The doctor went out of the room. When the door shut behind him Rosamond knelt down by Hugh's side.

"I know that you are worried about me, dear brother. But now we've come the worst part of the journey, there's no reason why I can't go on alone. The water looks as still as any mill pond and I have no fear of anything. I shall take the papers to the King and do Queen Mary's bidding, and you'll rest here like a good and sensible boy."

"And you'll have all the fun," Hugh grumbled boylike.

"Yes, I'll have all the fun." Rosamond answered lightly, not wanting him to know how scared she really was. "But, come, be generous. I should like a good adventure. Boys are always having them—or so I've heard. Now that I'm dressed like one please don't begrudge me this little time to know what real fun is!"

Hugh turned restlessly upon his pillow but Rosamond thought she saw his mouth relax a little. "Oh, very well, have it your own way! Now tell the doctor I'll stay here like a baby in my bed, and let you have the thrill of this glorious adventure."

Rosamond kissed him quickly and got to her feet.

"Quick, give me the papers!" she demanded.

He slipped his hand beneath the mattress and brought them out. She tucked them safely away, then bent again to kiss him.

"I'll send word back to you just as soon as I am able," she promised.

Rosamond found she had to run to catch the boat. She reached the quay just in time to scramble over the railing as they pulled in the planks from shore. She sought a sunny corner and sat down, her dark cloak wrapped about her, her velvet cap pulled low. No one came near her, thinking her a lad with a touch of sickness, and she sat huddled, her eyes peering straight ahead to where she knew that some time soon the white chalk cliffs of Dover would be rising from the sea as a token that England was hard by.



THE KING FLUNG HIS CUP FROM HIM AND ROSE TO HIS MIGHTY HEIGHT, HIS FACE SCARLET, HIS BLUE EYES BLOODSHOT WITH RAGE

It was well toward sundown when the boat reached Dover. Rosamond hurried to the nearest inn and rapped smartly on the door with her sword hilt as she had seen Hugh do. A man came running at her call and looked at her suspiciously when she ordered something to eat and drink. He stirred the fire in the taproom and left her there to wait.

The storm had come as a sailor had predicted. It beat against the rough stone walls and screamed defiantly down the broad old chimney. Rosamond bent above the fire and warmed her hands the while she waited for the chine of beef and mug of mead she'd ordered to be brought in.

"I'd best stay here tonight," she thought. So when the landlord came she asked him for a room. But the inn was neither pleasant nor friendly. The landlord seemed surly, the food was tasteless, and the room Rosamond was conducted to was not over clean. But she dared not seek another place that night for outside the storm raged and the clothes she wore were all she had. So if she got wet to the skin she would have to stay somewhere until her clothes were presentable again. Neither dared she take the time nor run the risk of being identified.

"If this is Hugh's idea of a glorious adventure, I'd gladly let him have my share through all our lives!" she thought as she tossed from one side of the narrow bed to the other trying to find a comfortable spot to rest her weary body.

The dawn had almost come before she fell asleep but she sprang out of bed the following morning at one leap. Then making sure that the papers were buttoned safe within her tunic she ran down to the taproom and demanded breakfast. That being over she paid the bill, and hired a horse to carry her to London. And a fair good nag it was.

Once there Rosamond rode directly to the Palace and stopped before the low familiar door in the high wall that surrounded it. A soldier came in answer to her call. He stared at her rudely and she did not wonder, for she must have looked a perfect ragamuffin since she had not been able to do more than to bathe her face and hands. Her one suit was mud-stained from the journey.

"Well," demanded the soldier in a gruff, deep voice, "what do you want?"

"Do you know William, the page?" Rosamond asked, and not waiting for him to reply she hurried on. "Please tell him that a friend awaits him here!"

The man threw back his head and laughed.

"A handsome friend you are! Are you a gypsy?"

"Do as I say!" Rosamond commanded and stamped her foot, "or you shall hear about it!"

The man only laughed the harder.

"William, the page, is away this day, hunting somewhere in the royal forest," he told her. "Now tell me that you want to see the King!"

"One moment——" she said desperately, then slipping the ring the Queen had given her from the gold chain about her neck—she had feared to wear the precious circlet on her finger—she held it out to the man. "Please take this to the Queen. But wait—I must send a message with it."

She turned and peeled some bark from a young tree, then took a twig and as carefully as she could printed her name upon it and gave it to the man. He had been looking at the ring, turning it this way and that in his hand and staring at the royal emblem cut deeply into the stone.

He took the piece of bark, stared stupidly at the girl for a minute and then slowly shook his head back and forth.

"You wait out there," he said, pointing to a green bench abutting the wall and casting forth a last cold stare.

The man was gone for a long, long time. Rosamond grew restless fearing he might never come again. Suppose he were to keep the ring? What would she do? But just as she had about given up hope, the gate swung open and Mistress Stanley came through. When she saw Rosamond, ragged and dirty though the child was, she ran toward her and throwing her arms around her, began to kiss her. The soldier stood and stared. He was dumbfounded.

"I have come from Paris. Mary sent me," Rosamond said in a lowered voice so the soldier could not hear.

"The Queen awaits you. We shall go at once," Mistress Stanley said, nodding her head in understanding.

The soldier sprang to open wide the door and standing aside gave his best salute. Rosamond could not help smiling a little at his change of attitude. Mistress Stanley spoke a word or two to the man about the care of Rosamond's horse, then led the way through the doorway and through the walled-in garden and along the familiar paths that Rosamond knew so well. She took her to William's room and closed the door.

"A good hot bath and fresh clothes will rest you. You cannot go before the Queen the way you are. Now get out of those dirty things and I will send servants for hot water. You will need it."

Later, wrapped in the dressing gown again, Rosamond crept into William's bed and overcome with fatigue went off to sleep. But the Queen, growing impatient at the delay and wanting news of her sister-in-law, Mary, came to William's room and rapped upon the door. Rosamond rolled over on her back and called in a sleepy voice, "Come in."

But when the door did open to admit the Queen she almost fainted. Yet somehow or other she managed to get out of bed and the dressing gown about her, made a low obeisance to Catherine.

"You bring a message from my sister?" the Queen asked as she seated herself.

"Oh, yes, your Majesty," Rosamond replied. "The Princess sent me to tell you and King Henry that she has wed Charles Brandon!"

Queen Catherine stared as if she could not believe her ears.

"What's that you say? Mary has married Charles Brandon, and without Henry's consent? It is impossible!"

"But she has, your Majesty," Rosamond answered her.

The Queen got up and wringing her hands began to walk about the narrow room.

"Oh, Henry will be furious when he hears of this!"

"But he did promise Mary that she might wed Charles Brandon if the French King died. And he made him Duke of Suffolk so she could!" Rosamond said.

The Queen stopped her restless pacing.

"She thinks he will forgive them," Rosamond said stoutly. "She thinks that he will like to have me go before him in my boy's attire. She thinks it will amuse him and that he'll think I'm brave to have come alone from France! She counts ever so much upon this masquerade's pleasing him for

she says he likes a merry jest. Then when he is in good humor I am to break the news and he will be amused."

Queen Catherine's dark eyes were less stormy as she answered, "Mary has always known the best way to get around Henry. He loves her very dearly and has missed her laughter and her childlike ways. He said it was as if the sun had gone out when she did go to France. Perhaps this thing will please him! It's worth, at least, a chance."

Mistress Stanley entered then, a page's crimson costume in her arms. She dropped a deep curtsy when she saw the Queen.

"Here is a page's costume for little Rosamond," she said. "Her own is unfit to wear. This belongs to a new lad who came last week to start his training at Court. He has not even worn it. I think it will do nicely. They are much the same size."

"Get into the costume, child," the Queen commanded, pointing to a screen behind which Rosamond might dress. She donned the page's suit, as she had been ordered, and smoothed her hair. When she came forth dressed, and stood before them the two women caught their breath at her loveliness. The crimson colored costume did vastly become her and her new washed hair clung damply to her head in bright gold curls. Her eyes and cheeks and lips seemed brighter hued than usual from the excitement and nervousness eating at her heart. She had never looked more lovely in her life.

"Yes, she will please him," Catherine said. "Take him his wine, my child. This is the hour when he sits alone. You will have your audience without interruption."

Rosamond made sure that the papers were safe within her blouse. Then she followed Mistress Stanley to the door. She dared tell no one of the secret mission she bore. Mistress Stanley walked with her to the sill of the King's private room. Then Rosamond pushed open the door and went in. The King was sitting at the far end of the room and as Rosamond walked toward him she kept her brown eyes on the ground.

"My wine," he said, in his deep voice, reaching for the heavy, gold-encrusted cup. Rosamond bent the knee in proper fashion as she held out the tray. And she looked up directly in his face and smiled. He almost dropped the wine in his amazement.

"Mary!" he cried. "What prank of yours is this?"

Rosamond bent her head and laughed softly.

"I am not the Princess Mary, but her maid-in-waiting, Rosamond Bolton," she said. "You know we look like sisters."

Henry drew her to her feet with a jesting sweep.

"Egad, girl, you did give me a mighty start! I'd swear you were my sister up to some new trick! But what do you do here, dressed up in boy's attire?" he asked kindly. "Has that madcap Mary come home, too?"

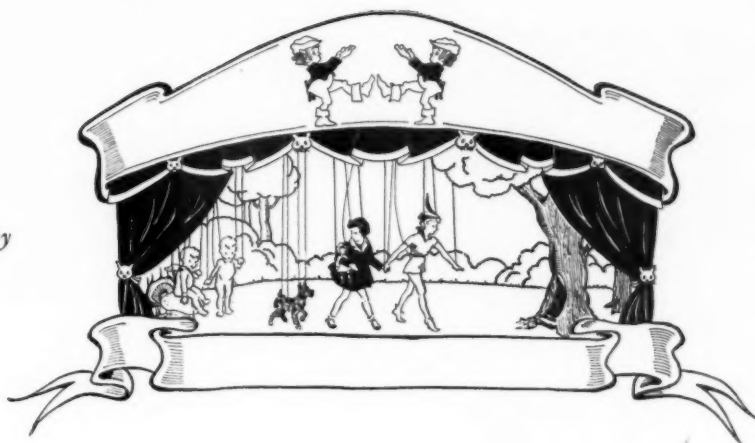
"No, Sire," Rosamond answered. "I did come alone, all the way from Paris, dressed as a boy. It made it easier for me to get through. These clothes disguise one so."

"I wonder that anyone would take you for a lad!" the King said, "with all your curves and golden hair and such! But why have you come at all? You did not tell (Continued on page 44)

For what has happened so far in this story see page forty-five



Illustrations by
the author



HERE ARE PETER
AND WENDY READY
FOR ADVENTURES
IN PUPPET-LAND

This Puppet World

TONY SARG'S Marionettes
had given a wonderful performance: *The Pied Piper of*

By ALMA-GIBSON BAKER

Hamelin. Then, at the theatre I definitely decided that I wouldn't waste time in growing up to become a marionette—I would be one as soon as I reached home. You can easily picture my first puppets. For a long time I was the very naughty little girl because I didn't see why my sister would mind if I fastened some strings to "her old paper dolls". The dolls, I assured her, were delighted to perform in my lovely theatre—a cereal box with one side cut out to form my proscenium. No one knows the delight I derived from those absurd little troupers—absurd but most fascinating—as what puppets are not?

As the pages of the marionette's history are turned it is most satisfying to realize that the ancient art, which for so long a while seemed doomed to die, is at present evoking lively comment everywhere. The roots of the marionette's family tree bury deep into the life of ancient Egypt, India, Persia, China, Japan, and Java. The great trunk grows from Greece and Rome. Its branches extend wide and far over Europe and are spreading rapidly over America.

There is a quaint legend surrounding the name, marionettes. Perhaps you would like to know it. In the year 944, the city of Venice, at the church of Santa Maria della Salute, twelve beautiful young maidens went forth to marry twelve handsome young men. A band of Barbary pirates landed near the church and suddenly attacked the unsuspecting crowd, carrying away the twelve lovely maids. The grooms-to-be rushed to their ships and soon overtook the bold pirates. After a fight, the brides were rescued and from that very day it has become a custom in Venice to celebrate this event with a large festival. And on the last day of the celebration would take place the marriage of twelve young women to twelve young men. The state paid for the wedding gowns

and dowries from the public treasury. But, alas, came so much quarreling among the young folk that the city substituted life-sized wooden dolls for the maidens. It was not long before the toymakers set about making miniatures of these figures, which were sold as playthings. The name given these toys was "little mari" or "marionette".

Throughout the years the marionettes have been exceedingly fortunate in making many famous friends. Such persons as Michael Angelo, George Sand, the famous French novelist, Voltaire, the dramatist, and Goethe, the German poet, were admirers of the marionette. Joseph Haydn wrote five toy symphonies for marionettes. So whether you are interested in painting or writing or drama or music I am certain you will have fun using your talent in helping create a marionette outfit.

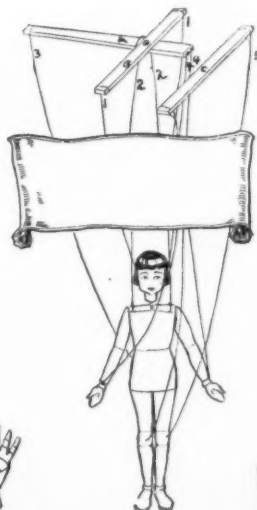
There are, generally speaking, three distinct types of marionettes. The mitten variety, to which class belong Punch and Judy, consists of a head and empty dress which is slipped upon the hand of the puppeteer and operated by his thumb and two fingers. The second type is the puppet operated from below by means of a rod or stiff wires. And the third variety, classified as the true marionette, is that animated by strings or wires from above. It is to this latter class that most of the professional marionettes belong and it is after this type that I create my own.

In making the head, one has a variety of methods from which to choose. It may be carved from wood or soap, or molded of wood plasteline, a soft wood-pulp putty and excellent for making marionette heads. This may be bought at a hardware store. My marionette heads are constructed from a form of papier-mâché made from strips of paper towels dipped in flour-and-water paste. The paper towels are cut into strips one-half inch wide, easy to work with.

Roll a piece of newspaper into a ball about an inch in diameter and around this ball wrap (Continued on page 40)



PAPIER-MÂCHÉ MAKES THE HEAD
AND HANDS, WOOD THE FEET,
STRINGS CONTROL THE ACTION

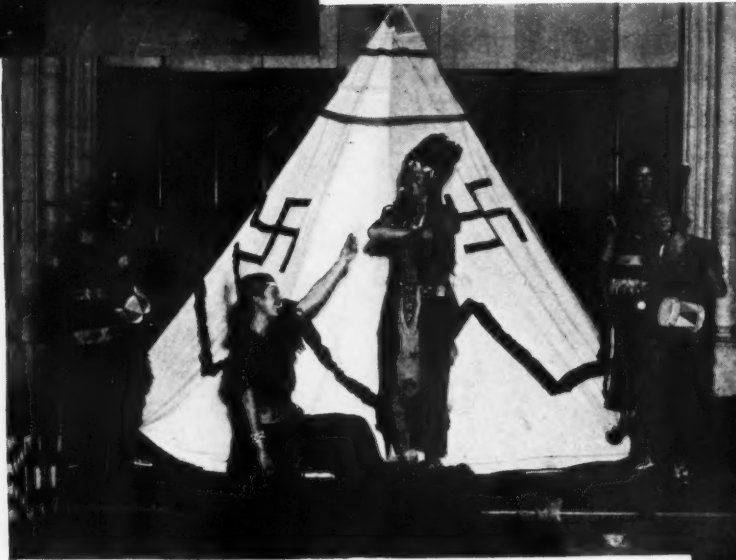


Girl Scouts in Pa

Whether in fancy dress costume, or in uniform, from any age, any clime, in s frocks—Girl Scouts are ready beg party time. They trip the lig fan hours away, their play and light



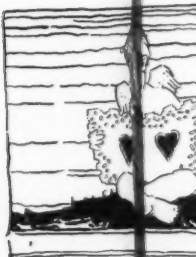
COSTUMES OF AN EARLIER DAY WERE WORN BY THESE GIRL SCOUTS OF GREATER NEW YORK AT THE RECENT BICENTENNIAL OF FASHION



ABOVE ARE MEMBERS OF A CHICAGO TROOP DOING AN INDIAN DANCE FROM "THE TRIBE OF THE RED ROSE", A PLAY THEY GAVE



FEW THINGS ARE MORE FUN THAN PUTTING ON A PLAY OR STAGING A PAGEANT SAY THESE GIRL SCOUTS OF QUEENS COUNTY, NEW YORK (RIGHT)



Party Mood

...which takes its inspira-
 ...in simple modern party
 ...begin a party once it's
 ...fantastic, they sing the
 ...daughter are very, very gay

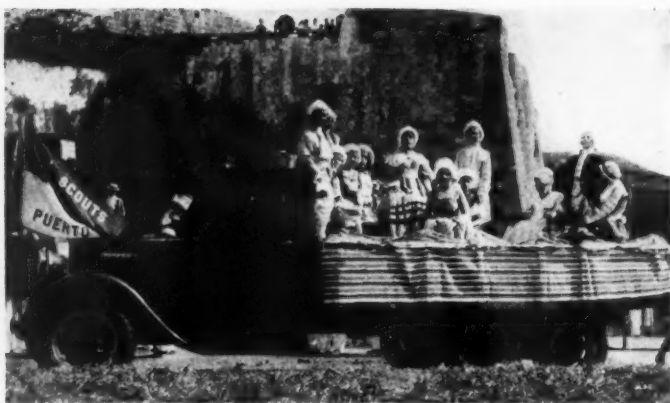
THE MINSTREL, SAILOR,
 PIONEER, SWIMMER, AND
 ATHLETE BADGES ARE REP-
 RESENTED BY THIS GROUP
 OF WICHITA, KANSAS GIRLS



THE HARRISBURG, PENN-
 SYLVANIA GIRLS ABOVE
 LOOK AS THOUGH THEY
 WERE ENJOYING THEM-
 SELVES AT THEIR PARTY

THE GROUP OF YOUNG
 ACTORS SHOWN AT THE
 LEFT IN A SCENE FROM
 A SUCCESSFUL PAGEANT,
 CONTRIVED THEIR OWN
 COSTUMES AT SMALL COST





SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO GIRL SCOUTS TOOK PART IN A WASHINGTON BICENTENNIAL PROGRAM

Parties

Whether receiving friends in their parents' homes

FEBRUARY presents lots of good excuses for parties, if you're looking for excuses. With Valentine's Day, and Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays any troop ought to be able to plan a good party. Maybe you will find some suggestions in the accounts on these pages of banquets, newspaper parties, fashion shows, and various other kinds of entertaining Girl Scouts have written us about.

Virginia Timmons of Richmond Hill, New York says this about a Mother and Daughter banquet given by the Girl Scouts of Troop Thirty-Three:

"We gave our annual banquet in June. The tables were arranged to form a horseshoe. At each place was a dainty menu, each one colored brightly by the turpentine-and-paint method.

"Everything was done by the girls—the entire dinner planned, cooked and served by them. They brought the flowers and arranged them attractively. We used blue and yellow candles on the tables, and they looked very nice.

"At the beginning of the dinner we all sang the grace which we are accustomed to sing in camp. The electric lights were turned on as everyone sat down. Many exclamations were heard as the mothers opened the gifts their daughters gave them. The gifts were very pretty, most of them having been made by the girls. There were envelope cases, photograph albums, jewelry cases, recipe books, and book-covers, all colored by the turpentine-and-paint method; beads strung by the girls, head-bands, laundry bags with original designs in all colors, embroidered buffet sets and lots of other things.

"Our captain told of the progress of the troop in the past year, and of what they expect to accomplish during the next. She introduced the new lieutenants, complimenting them upon their interest and their progress in Girl Scouting. The pleasant evening ended with a pantomime by one of the patrols, and the Girl Scouts sang their troop and other songs that endear camp to them. Everyone voted the evening a great success, and the mothers declared that they would not miss the banquet next year."

The Old and the Modern

Mrs. Harry A. Smith, local director of the Muskogee, Oklahoma Girl Scouts, sends us an account of a fashion show the Senior Girl Scout Club of Muskogee presented as an assembly program in the Central High School:

"We conceived the idea of contrasting old-fashioned and modern styles, using appropriate songs and music as an accompaniment. Can you imagine a college girl attired in a long, full skirt, close fitting basque, shallow-crowned, broad-brimmed sailor hat, carrying a little 'varsity' pennant on a cane? To add further merriment a Girl Scout sang *Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay* to the piano accompaniment. The modern college girl in a trim *cr pe* dress followed her, crossing the stage to the accompaniment of *Collegiate*. Then followed other costumes.

"The bicycle girl was a scream in her full skirt, a basque with a vestee with buttons

appropriate leather costume.

"An old-fashioned nightgown, long and ruffled, with a high neck and long sleeves, a night cap and little candle was too cute for words. *Good Night, Ladies* accompanied that. The pyjama girl was dressed in an orange and black three-piece suit. We made up our own song to accompany her.

"The old-fashioned grandmother needs no explanation. The song used was *Believe Me: if All Those Endearing Young Charms*. The up-to-date grandmother wore a black tailored suit with a black hat.

"The most important costume of the play was that of the bathing girl in old-time

garb of black sateen, trimmed in white braid, with a high neck, short full sleeves and long black bloomers. The song was *Mother, May I Go Out to Swim?* The modern girl in her black suit with the life saving emblem looked very sensible.

"We had a belle in black taffeta, the skirt much gored and ruffled. With it she wore long black gloves, a black velvet choker ribbon and a lace fan. She waltzed in to the tune of *After the Ball is Over*.

"The bride of long ago was charming, as was the modern one. The Lohengrin and Mendelssohn wedding marches were used for them. *Auld Lang Syne* was sung as all the characters marched from the stage. The players had loads of fun and the program proved a huge success."

This Club Had a Press Party

Sally Speers, a member of Wake Robin Troop of San Mateo, California writes about a newspaper party the

OUR STAR REPORTER

The best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month. She receives a book as an award. To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story must be not more than three hundred words in length or less than two hundred. It should answer for "American Girl" readers the following questions: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Lists of names are not to be given except as they are essential.

THIS MONTH'S Star Reporter is Dorothy McDade of Chattanooga, Tennessee. Dorothy writes about a fashion show of Girl Scout costumes Chattanooga Girl Scouts had.

"In the springtime the thoughts of a Girl Scout turn toward camping, and through the courtesy of the Girl Scout official outfitters here a short play entitled *A Day at Camp* was given by the Chattanooga Girl Scouts to show the joys of camp life.

"First a *mannequin* parade was cleverly introduced by three of the Girl Scouts. The leader's tailored uniform and smart topcoat were shown, followed by the Girl Scout street uniform and topcoat. The new camp suits were then shown in all sizes, and these were highly approved by everybody. The heavy sweater and then the lighter weight sweater with tam came next, followed by a demonstration of the many uses of a poncho. The parade closed with girls in attractive bathing suits.

"The *mannequin* parade over, the curtain rose on a beautiful woody camp scene. Two new girls had just arrived at the camp, and of course they had to see everything. One girl showed them the Girl Scout cooking kit and axe and told them of the fun pioneering was. Another told of the basket making, bead work and other things that could be enjoyed by taking handicraft; and articles were displayed. One girl was in the tent making her cot in true camp fashion, when she looked up to see an apparently injured girl being carried in. One of the skilled Girl Scouts expertly bandaged her sprained ankle.

"After the excitement was over the girls gladly obeyed the call of the bugle and scurried off to supper while three girls came back on the stage and built a camp fire. After the supper was over the girls came back and grouped around the fire. One of the girls gave a toast to the winds, stars, moon and the Omnipotent God. Everybody enjoyed a gypsy dance given by one of the girls, and then came the singing of camp songs. To end the day the girls had their Friendship Circle, closing with taps."

in Midwinter—

with gracious hospitality in Little Houses or Girl Scouts expect gayety and greet it eagerly

Girl Scout Press Club of her section held:

"The Press Club is an organization composed of one reporter from each troop in San Mateo, Burlingame, and Hillsborough, meeting each week at the Girl Scout House to study various branches of journalism. Home work, consisting of grammar, English, sentence construction and vocabulary enlargement is assigned at each meeting, to be returned the following week for correction and suggestions. Officers of the club include a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and hostess. Serving as a reporter entitles one to the journalism merit badge, besides presenting this delightful new field of endeavor.

"The first social event of the Press Club was held in the Girl Scout House at San Mateo, at which time officers of the club were entertained by their fellow members.

"A new phase of the power of the press was revealed in the unique costumes worn by those present. Newspapers were used exclusively in the fashioning of the varied styles worn. Their soft rustling reminded one of tales of crinoline days.

"Games were the diversion of the evening, prizes being awarded to those displaying unusual prowess. Refreshments were served in the dining room following the games. Newspapers served as table linen. Napkins were decorated with funny paper cut-outs."

Rosalie Kemp of Burlingame writes to us about some of the costumes:

"One was a medieval gown with a typical long peaked head dress, all made from newspaper lately off the press. Another was a Queen Elizabeth characterization, with long pleated skirt, short waist, high upstanding ruff and a crown. Then there was a little shepherdess frock with a laced bodice and a coquettish little hat. There was also a country lass with a bonnet and apron. The color schemes were varied, also. The green and pink sport sheets and col-

ored funny papers gave quite a variety.

"The place cards were episodes from the funny papers cut in picture puzzle fashion so the guests had to locate their places."

These Girls Had a Kiddy Party

Miss Clara D'Amato writes to us about a Kiddy Party given at Jersey City, New Jersey Girl Scout Headquarters:

"The party was given to those girls who had contributed toys for the annual toy festival. The party started off with games and songs, led by the chairman of the entertainment committee, after which we had some recitations, a French song and dance, ballet, tap and military dances. After refreshments were served there was more singing until it was time for the goodnight circle, which included two hundred and thirty guests.

"At this time Commissioner Wagner spoke to the girls about camp. A large collection of toys of every description lined the walls of the room. They were to be distributed to the Jersey City Hospital, St. Joseph's Home, Goodwill Home, Christ Hospital, Hudson County Almshouse, the S. P. C. C., St. Frances's Hospital, the Nelson Avenue Home and to several needy families."

How to Celebrate Your Birthday

The Girl Scouts of Sioux Falls, South Dakota had a Birthday Banquet and Barbara Barnett writes to us about it—

"All the ten troops in the city gave the banquet and the parents and friends of each girl were invited.

"The tables were decorated with the Girl Scout colors, green and gold, and lighted tapers were at the end of each table. Each individual had a special birthday cake with a small candle in it and when at the last course they were lighted, the scene was



lovely. Everyone felt the party was hers.

"The girls opened the banquet by a group of songs and the Boy Scouts of our area presented us with a large bouquet of flowers just as the first course was being served. Speeches were given by girls from each troop and also by especially appointed representatives of the city. Our regional director was present and she also gave a very interesting talk."

Try This College Course for Fun

Miss Helen Gorham of Karnes City, Texas sends us an account of a party given for the Senior Girl Scouts there—

"We made invitations of orange paper cut into a pennant shape with S. K. K. for Short Kut Kollege Korse, in the left end. The invitation read, 'On—we will be pleased to have you enroll in a college course. Report to Community House at seven-thirty p. m.'

"We arranged the Community House as much like a college hall as possible with the registrar's office in front where copies of the required subjects were issued with a letter A, B, C, D, E, F or G on each sheet of paper.

"Near the registrar's table there was the supply desk where paper plates, forks and cups were issued. This section was divided from the remainder of the room by ropes, to avoid crowding and pushing.

"Tables were arranged about the room with the following signs—Botany, Agriculture, Geology, Biology, Forestry, Journalism and Chemistry. When everyone had registered, the students were told they might cram for exams.

"After cramming and passing, the graduation exercises followed. Each senior donned a cap and gown and went into the auditorium. There, after the professor had read a very silly address, before diplomas were issued, each graduate had to do a stunt, either a song, dance or a dramatic reading."

THEY HAVE JUST HAD A FLAG DRILL—OAK TREE TROOP THREE, ASTORIA, OREGON—AND ARE TO BEGIN ANOTHER





ENGLAND CARRIES ON

On the fifteenth of December Britons all over the world held their heads very high. The Empire had remained true to its finest traditions. Even though doing so involved a real sacrifice, Great Britain had paid her debt instalment to us at the appointed time. She had made it plain that we were expected to talk over the debts and scale them down before another payment became due, but meanwhile she honored her signature. True, also, to their promised word were Czechoslovakia, Finland, Italy, Latvia and Lithuania, each of which paid his portion of the war debts due on the fifteenth.

It is a strange, but undeniable trait in human nature, that we often become bitter toward those to whom we are indebted. This fact was observed once more, in December, in the matter of international relationships. Not only did the American attitude toward Britain show a warm appreciation of the Empire's staunchness and a growing feeling that in the future we should be more lenient with our Anglo-Saxon sister, but Great Britain actually warmed in her attitude toward the United States.



Exactly the opposite was true in the case of France. Although better able to pay than any other European country, France decided to default. In a session of the French Chamber which lasted all night, Premier Herriot made an impassioned plea to his country not to treat her signed note like a "scrap of paper". The gold due the United States had already been packed and set aside ready for shipment; he begged the deputies to give him the power to dispatch it. But by an overwhelming vote they refused to do so unless the United States would first promise to scale down or cancel future debts—something which, as they knew, neither President Hoover nor Secretary Stimson has it in his power to do. When their decision not to pay was finally announced, the crowds waiting outside in the streets cheered wildly and tossed their hats. The next day Edouard Herriot and his cabinet resigned.

Also defaulting with France, on the plea that they were actually unable to pay what they owed us, were Belgium, Hungary, Poland and Estonia.

The French position on debts is, briefly, as follows: When President Hoover, by his moratorium, brought about a temporary suspension of international war debts a year ago, he not only stopped for the time being payments due from the Allies to the United States, but also reparations payments due from Germany to France and the other victorious countries. France claims that this temporary stoppage of reparations payments made it impossible for her to force any more large sums out of Germany. Realizing this,

What's Happening?

By MARY DAY WINN

she signed last year the Lausanne agreement, which practically wiped out reparations, in the expectation that America would follow suit and wipe out war debts in the same manner. Since we have refused to do so, France simply will not pay us.

At this writing, December twenty-eighth, it seems obvious, however, that the coolest heads in France realize that their country has made a mistake, and they would be delighted if they could find some excuse to pay, even at this late date, so that France would not be branded as a defaulter.

There have been conferences between President Hoover and President-elect Roosevelt on the subject, and also many talks between these two men and Norman H. Davis, our principal representative at the Peace Conference at Geneva, but no substantial progress toward a solution has yet been made public. It looks now as if further discussion of the war debt question would have to be postponed until the new administration comes in, and the long-planned World Economic Conference meets this spring. When that conference gets together it will probably consider not only war debts, but tariffs and disarmament, since America has a growing conviction that if we are going to excuse Europe from any more war debt payments, we should first demand that Europe spend less money getting ready for another war. That might help a little.



LAME DUCKS

Every day the chances for an extra spring session of Congress grow stronger. The present Lame Duck session has, up to now, accomplished none of the urgent tasks which face it. These are, generally speaking, (1) balancing the budget; (2) providing some kind of farm relief; (3) doing something toward carrying out the wet campaign pledges.

Although the national budget was balanced theoretically last spring, it never was balanced in actuality, partly because none of the revenues provided for have come up to expectations. Therefore the White House and Congress must immediately cut government expenses and raise government revenues.

The quickest ways to save money would be to (1) wipe out a number of government positions, bureaus and commissions; (2) cut down on the huge sum now paid for free hospital care and other benefits to veterans who were not injured in the war.

The quickest ways to raise money would be (1) a general sales tax on almost everything one buys; (2) a tax on legalized beer. Every one of these measures would step on the toes of a great many people, yet one or more, and maybe all, will have to be taken, either by this Congress or the new one which will probably meet after March fourth. Something must be done soon.



Farm relief is still absolutely nebulous. But some of our grandmothers can remember, when they were little girls, going to the country store and asking for "an egg's worth of salt". Today, in over one hundred and forty places in twenty-nine states, they see their children and grandchildren returning to barter. Not only in the United States, but in many of the other leading countries of the world, unemployed people are learning to exchange their labor for necessities which they have no money to buy; artists are giving their pictures for groceries and coal, and farmers are turning in their surplus crops in place of tuition for their boys and girls. Many a Mary and Johnny will return to college this semester, bringing a load of potatoes or hogs to his Alma Mater in place of the money which he would have brought if there had been any sale for the potatoes or hogs.

As for repeal—an effort was made to hurry a repeal bill through on the first day of the session. But the bill failed by six votes to get the two-thirds majority necessary. The next move was a bill to legalize 3.2 percent beer, introduced into the House the week before Christmas and promptly passed by that body. At this writing the beer bill has still to hurdle three other obstacles: a Senate much drier than the House; a probable Presidential veto, and the chance that the Supreme Court may declare it contrary to the spirit of the Eighteenth Amendment.

WAR FEVER SPREADING

Two man-sized but as yet undeclared wars are still being waged on opposite sides of the globe. Defying the League of Nations report that she has broken her treaty promises in her invasions of China and in her seizure of Manchuria, Japan not only continues to rule the puppet kingdom of Manchukuo, but is apparently planning a spring drive to extend her holdings in the northern part of the country, a very serious move.



In spite of the efforts of a commission of neutral nations to patch up a peace, Bolivia and Paraguay are still at each other's throats in the fevered swamps of the Gran Chaco, territory lying between them which they both claim.

Colombia and Peru are also snarling at each other, and will, in the opinion of many observers, be at war before very long. The cause of the trouble is the town of Leticia.

Tell That to King

(Continued from page 18)

glove and felt his legs. King's warm, rough tongue welcomed her joyously. "He's fresh as a daisy!" she called to Pete.

"He quit on me," Pete said then, reluctantly. "That's why I'm late."

Claire heard the whole story later. King had refused to head his dogs in breaking out Pete's sled for the journey back. The sled had frozen in. The storm had practically sealed it in ice. And the lead dog had sat on his haunches watching, while Pete harried the other dogs into doing the trick for him.

"Fortunately this isn't a real storm," Pete ended. "It will be clear by morning. But I wouldn't have stood a chance with King in a real pinch. He just hasn't heart."

During the days that followed Claire forgot about the party. She forgot everything but King's proven unworthiness. As Saturday drew near she spent more time with the dog. She neglected everything for King. She was waiting on the Flats when Hal appeared for the race. Pete had had a call. He could not see the race. There were a few Indians and one or two white people waiting patiently when Noguk swept his team to the starting point.

"All set?" Hal called. Claire nodded, steeling herself for the test.

"One—two—three—" Hal shouted. "Go!"

At the word "Go," King sat down.

Claire shouted it madly, "Go! Go!" The dog sat still.

"*Mush!*" screamed Claire, and King leaped forward. But the race was over before he was fairly into it. Claire could have cried with chagrin. Instead she lifted her head and shook hands with Hal.

"Noguk wins," she said. "Good dog."

She could say no more. At a word from her, King turned his team homeward, through the village. She did not see Hans Larsen, standing on a street corner. His shout brought her around on a wide sweeping turn. Claire told him the outcome of the race.

"You'll think I'm mean and little," she said impulsively, "but I still believe in King. He can—he can—"

"Could he break out my sled for me?" Larsen demanded humorously. He pointed to his loaded sled, frozen into the snow. It carried six hundred pounds of duffle to be carried to his waiting plane. "I'm waiting for a team big enough to break it out," he told her.

Claire drew in her breath sharply.

"Six hundred pounds, you say?"

Larsen nodded.

"King can break that out—alone," she said quietly. A crowd had gathered around them. She heard the incredulous gasp that swept through the throng, but she had already found a harness for King and was leading him forward to the frozen sled. Larsen tried to deter her.

"Don't ask too much of him," he said. Suddenly Claire was angry. The morning's humiliation was still in her mind. Now, pushing past Larsen, the dog beside her, she said nothing. With swift and supple fingers she harnessed him to the sled.

"Let me handle the bars," Larsen suggested, seeing that she was determined. With his great (Continued on page 32)

re-designed to end revealing outlines without sacrificing needed protection

the new Phantom* Kotex

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(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

A NEW KOTEX . . . a self-concealing Kotex . . . re-designed to conform perfectly with the demands of the closest-fitting dress . . . yet . . . (and this is so important to you) every bit of thickness, of needed protection, is retained. This New Phantom Kotex, so skilfully constructed, contains identically the same layers of filler, but *you don't realize it!* Because the ends are flattened and shaped, you are scarcely aware of the presence of protection.

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Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the story booklet entitled, "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address Mary Pauline Callender, care of Kotex Company, Room 2161A, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Note! Phantom Kotex has the same thickness, the same protective area with the added advantage of tapered ends.



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Tell That to King

(Continued from page 31)

weight on the bars, his huge body swaying on the runners, the dog stood a possible chance, only a possible chance.

"King and I will do this," Claire said grimly, "alone."

She stepped to the runners, set her feet just right on them, and gripped the handle bars. King, sitting on his haunches, watched.

"It's a big job," she told him gently. Then, still gently, "*Mush!*" she cried.

King leaped to the traces. Suddenly Claire's voice rang out. "Gee!" she cried and leaned on the handle bars. The dog leaped at her voice and while he strained she cried again, "Haw!" The dog swung at her word; the sled lurched. There was a groan as the runners turned in the ice.

"Gee!" shouted Claire. The ice cracked. "Haw!" And King leaped again. Then Claire lifted her voice. She sent one word spinning toward the black dog. "*Mush!*" she screamed. King leaned on his traces and pulled straight ahead—and behind him, unbelievably, the sled began to move.

Claire did not hear the shouts of the crowd. She was on her knees beside King, her arms around his neck.

"You are right," Hans said, nodding slowly, still stunned by the dog's display, "only a miracle dog could have done that."

With a lightened heart Claire became absorbed again in the plans for Hilda's party. She had told Pete of King's achievement, and Hans Larsen had arrived at the cabin to corroborate her words.

"I'll give him one more chance," Pete offered, "to show me what he can do. I'm going in to dress Pack's hand again Wednesday night. If King behaves then, I'll concede that he's all you think he is."

"Wednesday night? We'll have to borrow a team. That's the night of Hilda's party." "So it is," Pete agreed in surprise. "Maybe Hal will let me have Noguk. King can do his stuff for me another time."

On Monday Hal Dobson, returning from a trip into the mountains, brought his team to the cabin.

"It's been a rough trip," he said. "Some of the dogs need rest."

"I'll look after them," Pete promised. He turned to look at the sky. "Another storm warning was sent out this morning. What did you strike in the hills?"

"Bad going," Hal replied briefly. "Another bad storm will open the cracks in the glacier, make them impassable. I nearly fell into a new one coming out. Noguk saved me." He went off, leaving the team behind.

Claire scarcely commented on the team's arrival. Pete understood her preoccupation and did not worry her with Hal's discouraging comments on the trail. But he kept an eye cocked for further signs of the storm and gave all of his attention to the weather reports broadcast daily through the radio. Claire saw Pete off early Wednesday afternoon. It was dark in spite of the early hour. From force of habit she glanced at the

sky and remarked the haze that warned of storm—a deception or a warning of ill?

"If you aren't back tomorrow," she called, "I'll know you've stayed with Pack."

"If a storm breaks I may do that," he responded. "Have a good time tonight."

"Oh, I will," Claire promised him and returned to the cabin to do the last minute packing of the bag which would carry her party dress and slippers to Hilda Brinson's, to be put on there. So absorbed was she in her task that the opening of the cabin door did not distract her. A shout made her jump. She ran to the living room. Chuchuk, the Storm Warning, stood on her threshold. Claire's heart lurched.

"Storm come," Chuchuk announced in his high voice. "Trail unsafe. One hour, two hour, glacier crack into new valleys. Death!"

"Did you tell Pete?" she asked, "my brother?" The Indian stared. Claire's heart sank. "Did you come by the trail?" she asked, her voice lifting in spite of herself.

"No time," the Indian replied succinctly. "Chuchuk come over the mountain," he said. Then he was gone.

Meanwhile, unwarned, Pete sped on toward the treacherous, newly opened crevasses. Claire tried to think. "One, two hours," Chuchuk had said. In that length of time Pete would have reached the first barrier, would have crossed it and sped on toward the glacier. With an hour's start there would be no catching him on the long trail around.

Over the mountain! Chuchuk's words rang again in her ears. And Larsen's words, "Chuchuk has done it, but—it—can't—be—done!" Even as Larsen's words seared her mind Claire was in her room, stripping clothes from her body, putting on the heavy woollens needed on the trail, pulling her parka over her head, adjusting the hood, and as she moved she called to Namak.

"Tell Jim to harness my team," she shouted. "Tell him—" her voice was hoarse, "to put King in the traces!" She was going over the mountain with King to lead her, on a new trail made by Chuchuk!

In less than ten minutes she was outside, fearfully conscious of the lowering haze. Jim was waiting with the team. As she tested her brake and turned the dogs, she called a reassuring word to the lame Indian. Thereafter her whole attention was given to King who, after one second of hesitation, tribute to his new position in the team, gave her his best as she had taught him to do. Picking up Chuchuk's trail was simple. The harder work lay beyond. With a sinking heart Claire remembered that Noguk led Pete; she had a dog to beat who had beaten her King.

At the foot of the mountain she halted her team. From the head of her string, with her hand on King's head, she judged her task. The haze was closing in. Higher up on the mountain it was a pall through which she must find her way. Suddenly she stooped beside the leader; now if ever, she must make him understand her need. She pointed out the dim marks left by Chuchuk

earlier. The snow was crusted; it would bear her up, but it also made the path less clear. With gentle but firm hands she loosened King, led him ahead alone. She made him familiar with the trail, until he was following it of his own accord. When she returned to buckle King in his traces, her heart was lighter, her determination stronger.

"*Mush!*" she cried and the dogs surged forward, up the mountain as Chuchuk had come down. The Indian had cut a straight course. He had made no needless detours. Up this face of frozen snow Claire followed her dogs. They strained at their task, led on by King who worked now as he had never worked before, seeming to sense the urgency of the moment. Twice they followed the trail as it switched back to avoid a cliff—twice Claire chafed at the delay. But King steadily kept his pace and moved upward.

Claire's legs began to ache. Her lungs contracted painfully. The weight of her parka seemed too heavy to bear, but the sight of King straining on, bore her up. The dog did not falter. All the time, through Claire's thoughts Chuchuk's words and Larsen's made a strange refrain, "Chuchuk come over mountain. It—can't—be—done."

Suddenly the girl's heart failed her. King had stopped in the faint trail. She forced herself up to his side. She urged him; she scolded; she scorned. At last she pounded at the dog with futile hands. He would not move and as he sat he drew deep breaths of the cold, invigorating air.

"*Mush!*" Claire screamed, but the dog would not move. It seemed hours to the girl.

King arose, with no word from her, and started on again. Claire could not speak. He had known. To rest was more important than to push on in the face of deadening fatigue. With no word exchanged between them Claire's burden of doubt and fear was shifted to King's sturdy shoulders, moving in the traces, relentlessly pushing on. Thereafter when the dog halted Claire rested. When King moved again the girl moved. They were in the deeper haze high on the mountain now. Claire could scarcely see her team. She kept her eyes on King's black ears. After a time it seemed to the girl that the earth was a strange white blanket with the two black ears of a dog embroidered on it. She found herself clinging to the handle bars, dragging back against the dogs. The shock of her treachery brought her alive momentarily. Again she was riding the runners while up ahead of her King labored with no whimper of protest at the added burden. She grew petulant at the dog's strength, at the length of time between the periods he chose to rest.

When he stopped again she propped herself on the sled, knowing nothing but a vast relief and a wish that she might never have to move again. The sled lurched. King had started on. But behind him his team sat still. With a snarl King whirled on them. Bound by his traces he could not punish them into obedience. Claire heard his snarls and his pitiful entreaties to her. She heard him and could not move. Yet, after a long time, she found herself beside him, loosening his traces. In a flash he was on his team, slashing at them with his bared teeth, hounding the trailers, the swing dogs, beating them into submission by the



strength of his will to go on. And behind them the girl could do no less than follow.

Once again the dogs failed. Claire crept forward on her hands and knees to loose the savage King. He flailed his team; he bit furiously and deep. He was savage as a wolf and when he ran to the head again Claire's hand, touching him as she buckled his traces, felt quivering muscles.

King had done his best but his team was almost done. They got to their feet but they were spent. Claire tried to crack her whip. It made a feeble "whiff." She tried to shout; her cry was a whisper. But a whisper was enough. King heard her call.

Afterward Claire could not remember when they reached the summit. Suddenly they were there. King had brought them but she knew no more than that. The team sensed the change. Wearily one by one they took strength from the downward way. The girl climbed on the runners. There, clinging to the handle bars, she swayed from side to side as the sled careened down the mountain side. She was dizzy, but the haze about her seemed to be lifting.

Her foot slipped from a runner. She heard a crash that echoed on the mountain side. She felt herself flying through space. Minutes later when she could think again she saw the sled, lying in a heap nearby. The freed dogs panted beside it. Her sliding foot had set the brake and crashed her sled. Her effort had been in vain. King's valiant struggle had gone for nothing. Part way down the mountain they were stranded and helpless.

On this side of the mountain the haze had lifted. Claire looked down the mountain. Far below, seeming even at this distance to be racing madly, she saw Noguk's team heading toward the glacier. Claire cried out in despair. King whined and tore at his traces.

Suddenly Claire knew what to do. If she could reach the dog, if she could free him and send him on as her messenger, if he still had strength to run in a race with the fleet Noguk, Pete might yet be saved. She went forward on all fours, desperately measuring the distance to be covered. Sheer grit kept her moving. Reaching King, her numbed hands could scarcely loose him. She was whimpering and crying with her effort but the dog was freed.

"Fetch!" she cried, and had time for no more. King was gone.

There is no explaining why the sight of King's race should have strengthened the girl, but it did. The sight of that black body rolling, tumbling, flying down the mountain side brought her to her feet. She found strength to cheer him on, and when on the short, flat stretch between the foot of the mountain and Noguk's team, King seemed to falter, Claire screamed her encouragement. With a last, desperate lurch, he bounded into the path of the oncoming team, and lay still, Claire's heart surged and choked her.

Pete climbed halfway up the mountain to bring her down. He put King gently in the sled with Claire. Behind him King's team followed and he moved slowly, cautiously, to keep their hearts strong and to bring them safely in. He leaned forward once, to speak to Claire.

"You crossed the mountain," he said, "but—it—can't—be—done."

Claire smiled at him wanly. "Tell that to King," she said.



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ALL THE fun she missed! No pep. No enthusiasm. So worn down with continuous colds and sniffles... she had to be excused from gym.

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Please send me a Lifebuoy "Wash-up Chart" and trial cake of Lifebuoy—both Free.

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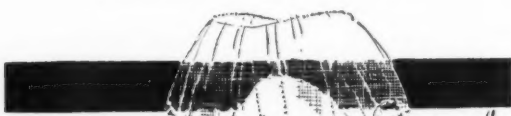
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Dear AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I want to join the happy subscribers who read THE AMERICAN GIRL. Here is my money order for \$3.00 for 3 years ☐, \$2.00 for 2 years ☐, \$1.50 for 1 year ☐.

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The Hoodooed Inn

(Continued from page 9)

plainly. The tune was that of our national hymn, but the words were different. The boy was singing:

Ye Wayesyde Waffle Inn,
Your spelling is a sin,
And makes me sick.
Yet if you flap a waffle
Tender and far from awful,
People will eat their mawful,
And never kick!

"Oh, really!" said Pan (but inaudibly), "really! How clever he is!" And with cheeks tulip pink, she went quietly downstairs again, only relieving her feelings by slamming the street door.

The Peters did not lose time. On Saturday they went over to Springfield in a friend's truck to pick up antiques from their relative and some "novelties" made by a firm in the same town. Their absence, even for a day, made a welcome breathing space.

"My room is crowded with all the things I've put there. How about yours?" Pan asked Ran. "May I put my blue bowl and my tea set there?"

"It's pretty full, but there's still some space under the eaves."

Pan went up to inspect the place in question.

"They'd be safe here, certainly, if I packed them in a grocery carton. I hope Ran's satisfied with the amount of dust. It's evidently not been swept since Maggie left. I must clean it up a little. It certainly needs it."

She got a broom, dustpan and duster, and set to work. In her vigorous efforts her duster caught on a nail in a short section of the board. As she pulled impatiently, the nail came out, the short piece of board, held only by a nail at the other end, dropped down, disclosing a hollow space between it and the roof board. In the space was a book with a marbled cover with *Accounts, 1809* written on it in large, shaded script letters.

Pan, amazed, had just taken it out when she heard the door bell. Upon going to her own room at the front of the house, she looked out of the window. The sign painter was in the driveway, lifting the sign from the rumble seat of his car. He had exchanged his overalls for gray flannel slacks and a blue sweater. His hair still showed a scalp lock, but it was clean looking, not sticky and slicked like William's, and covered a finely shaped head.

"Fresher than his paint," thought Pan, contradictingly, to a self that noticed these details, and in a curt, businesslike voice she called, "The person who ordered the sign is away today, but she left word for you to put it on that post by the entrance."

He looked up. The face above might have been that of Juliet, sensitive and fair in its frame of red-brown curls, marred only by a smudge on one cheek from the hand that had held the dusty book.

"Wouldn't you like to look at it?" he inquired, and smiled. Pleasantly, a bystander might have considered. With lurking ridicule, judged Pan.

"No, thank you, I'm too busy," she replied coldly, and withdrew her head. It was then that she saw in her mirror the dirty cheek. This was too much. Pan was furious.

"He would catch a person looking like

something thrown out at housecleaning time," she remarked, as if it was his fault rather than her own.

It occurred to her afterward that the sign painter might have thought he was not going to be paid for his work. It seemed to be the only explanation for what happened later. Back in Ran's room, she blew the dust from the old book.

PETER WHISPELL TO ELIAS BAKKER, Dr.

March 21 To 21½ yds. Fustian 1/9/6
 " 2 Gimblets 1/5
 " 1 lb. Shot 10/
 " 18 yds. Calico 18/
 at 1/ 2/18/11

7 Dolls. 37 cts.

Rec'd. payment. *Peter Whispell*

On the opposite page was written, evidently by a different hand:

This day did I ask Master Wispell to go to skool, but he sez, in Dutch, you have gone to skool 6 monts, that is all i promised when you wuz bound to us, you can reed yure bible kant you. Yes, i sez, but i kant rite good he sez take this papper and kopy it it is rit in good inglish and it will larn you some Thing it is yure Indenture what you wuz bound out with.

"This Indenture made the twenty-first day of April in the Year of Our Lord Eighteen Hundred and Nine Witnesseth that Richard M. Montgomery and Andrew W. Riesler Overseers of the poor of the Town of Woodland in the County of Ulster in the State of New York, have Bound Out and by these presents do Bind Out Frony Newkirk a poor Child of the said Town, and likely to become Chargeable to the Same, being of the age of fifteen years and two Months as an Apprentice to Peter Whispell of the said Town Merchant, him to serve untill the said apprentice shall attain to the age of Eighteen years during all which time the said Apprentice her Said Master . . .

The foot of the page had been reached, and the same hand had scrawled, more informally,

old Peter Wiskers. I hate hate *bate* him.

On the next page was another account, and opposite it the copy continued:

faithfully shall Serve his secrets keep—this menes not to tell about his moving his fence 6 ft. over on Ricks land and Mis W. sending the children to steel plums at nite from there trees—i hope his glass co fales—his lawful commands gladly obey. She shall do no Damage to her said Master nor see it to be done by others without letting or giving him Notice thereof she shall not waste her master's goods or lend them unlawfully to any—ketch him leveing annything around to waste—She shall not contract Matrimony in the sd Term nor absent herself night or day from her Master's Service during the sd Term without his leave—I never been even to Woodland i never been annywhere—and the sd Master during the sd Term shall find & provide sufficient Wholesome & compleat meat & drink—but oh my if I ast fer a 2nd help and they only give me Fern tea—washing, lodging & apparell & all other Necessaries fit for such a servant.—Peter Wiskers is a Ole Skin Flint. (Continued on page 36)

THEY GET THEIR EQUIPMENT FREE!



Kathleen Abernethy,
Reidsville, North Carolina



Patricia Dooley,
Cordova, Alaska



Effie Adams,
Latrobe, Pennsylvania



Pauline Fairfield,
Saco, Maine



Newrie Powell,
Pensacola, Florida



Wilma Dolge,
Buchanan, Iowa



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Richesville, Pennsylvania



Betty Lou Broadrup,
Dayton, Ohio

You can, too, by this easy Libby Plan . . .

HERE ARE only a few of the Scouts who are getting free equipment through the Libby Thrift Plan. Literally hundreds of girls, in every part of the country, are doing the same thing!

And you, too, can easily get the Scout equipment you want. All there is to it is to save the blue and white labels from Libby's Evaporated Milk, and send them to us. We'll redeem them for any of more than 250 official Girl Scout articles.

So write for our new premium catalogue, right now. With it, you'll receive ten labels, free! A good head start on your collection.

Then watch it grow fast, when you ask your mother, friends, neighbors, to help you save labels. They'll all do it, gladly.

Libby's Milk suits all their uses ideally, in cooking, for its greater richness and finer flavor. Doctors recommend it for feeding babies, because it's so easily digested and perfectly safe.

Besides, Libby's Milk costs little to use. One tall can of it, mixed with the same amount of water, equals a full quart of bottled milk in food value.

Mail the coupon, today, for your Libby premium catalogue and those ten free labels. Choose the equipment you want. Start saving Libby Milk labels for it. And, mighty soon, it will be yours!

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW! It's worth money to you

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Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Place, time of meeting.....

Captain.....

Troop.....



Washington's Birthday Lincoln's Birthday

AND IN MARCH

The Girl Scout's Own Birthday



| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------|
| A 101 Official uniform | \$4.50 |
| A 141 Official hat | 1.00 |
| A 121 Girl Scout neckerchie | .45 |
| A 161 Web belt | .40 |
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| Total uniform | \$6.50 |

Rallies, special patriotic programs and community affairs of all kinds. Busy times for Girl Scouts and a time when every scout will want to be in uniform—ready to serve her patrol, her troop and her community. You too will want to be in uniform, ready to do your part and to enjoy your share in the festivities at this time.

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT SERVICE
570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Hoodooed Inn

(Continued from page 35)

The next entry in Frony's handwriting was after another account: this time for

Chewing Tobacco, tea, muslin, molasses and copperas by credit for eggs and 1 bush. corn,

was followed by:

Last week Ary came to work in the Glass House, he is the best glassblower P. W. has got and he blew me a wick ball and an alligator but little Petey grabbed and broke them i could of killed him Ary sez he will blow something else for me he is tall and has curly hair.

Pan's fascinated study of this document was again interrupted. "When are we going to eat?" came a hungry voice from below. She hurried down with the book to show to her brother. He studied it as he ate, wishing he could have seen them make glass.

"It must have been dreadful to have been bound out," said Pan.

"You'll find it is, if you don't take care!"

The telephone rang.

"The Peters's friend has broken an axle and they won't be back until tomorrow," she reported, after answering it.

"Good!" Ran helped himself to the jam with greater zest.

Pan was reading in the sitting room when the sign painter arrived again. It had begun to rain, and he did not waste time. When he left a few minutes later, Pan could just see the sign swinging from its standard. Next morning gray veils of rain dimmed the fresh green of the trees. It was the middle of the afternoon and the Peters had not yet returned, when a sport coupé stopped near the stoop. Pan opened the door. Two girls were there, one a keen looking blonde in a smart dark blue suit and hat, the other a brown-eyed person in a raincoat and beret.

"We saw your sign," announced the blonde, looking sharply at Pan.

"Yes?"

"We wondered what the idea was."

Pan tilted her head challengingly.

"Why, what would it be? We're keeping a restaurant and gift shop. We're not quite ready to start yet. The sign was put up a little too soon."

"I should imagine so," said her interlocutor. "Much too soon."

The girl with the beret interrupted, with an embarrassed but charming smile, "Do you mean you couldn't give us any tea? We've been for a long drive and missed lunch, so when we saw this attractive looking place, we thought our lives were saved."

"Why," hesitated Pan, "of course, as I said, we're not open, but I could give you tea and a few sandwiches."

She led them into the dining room. How fortunate that the fire was burning, and late pink tulips flared in a great Chinese bowl in the deep window sill! Even the cheap small tables could not altogether detract from the charm of the room, with its seal-brown beams overhead, its wide-planked floor, its Dutch cupboard painted blue inside, and dull orange curtains. She heard the girls exclaiming in approval as she cut the sandwiches, spread them with

mayonnaise, and lettuce and chives from the garden. She decided to use her own tea set this once, instead of Mrs. Peters's ten-cent store outfit. The tray, when she carried it in, certainly seemed to impress the visitors. A few minutes later the blonde girl, whom her friend addressed as Judy, called her.

"Could you bring more hot water? By the way, is this an old bowl?"

"I think it is. We found it in the cellar of this house when we came here."

"Nice color, isn't it, Avis?" said Judy.

When Pan returned with the hot water, Avis inquired, "Do you run this place all alone?"

"No, there's a person helping me, a sort of partner. She's away today."

"What's she like?" asked Judy.

"Why, she's—she's capable, but—a little peculiar."

"Yes?" Judy seemed to snatch at this information. "Then it was she who put up your sign?"

Pan's misgivings suddenly returned. But why need Judy be so critical?

Judy changed the subject abruptly. "What are you charging for this glass bowl? I suppose it's one of the antiques you have for sale, isn't it?"

"No, it's not," replied Pan, still nettled.

"I don't want to sell it at all," she declared.

"It's queer you're advertising antiques, and then not wanting to sell anything!"

"But I told you we weren't in order yet. That's just a little thing of my own."

"Then you won't let anyone else have it, will you?" said Judy. She took up her purse. "How much was the tea?"

"You were paying for tea? Yes, miss," said a bland voice. "That would be one dollar. I hope everything was satisfactory." Mrs. Peters had returned without Pan's perceiving it.

"It was very nice, but we were wondering why you have given your place such a queer name," said Judy.

"You call it queer? We thought it quaint and pretty."

"Really?" exclaimed Judy, with an incredulous inflection, and seemed to wish to say more, but her friend was evidently in a hurry. Just after they left, Pan found a silk umbrella in the hall, and was hurrying down the drive hoping to overtake them, when she nearly collided with William.

"Say," he began, "look at this."

"Look at what?" Pan turned.

"This sign—"

"I'm sick and tired of hearing about the sign!" she retorted, glancing at it without really seeing it. "It's the way your mother wanted it, isn't it?"

"Ma!" William shouted. "Come 'ere!"

Mrs. Peters walked down the driveway.

"Whatever is the matter with you—bawling at me this way?"

"Look at that sign. She says it's the way you wanted it, but if it is, you're crazy!"

Mrs. Peters's eyes followed his and Pan's, which were at last fixed, with an expression of horror, upon the painted board. Pan was just beginning to realize

what the sign really said. In neat black letters upon a green background, they read:

YE HAYSIDE AWFLE INNE

Meals Gyftes Antiques

"Well!" gasped Mrs. Peters. "I never!" She looked accusingly at Pan.

"I didn't see it until just this minute," declared the latter, in a feeble voice.

"So that's what that snippy customer meant! She'll tell people we're lunatics! How'd it happen you didn't look at it?"

"The sign painter put it up late last night, and it was raining and kept on until now. He seemed to think it was a joke."

"I'll joke him! He'll have to come right up here and explain this!"

Pan walked away. She did not wish to see that conceited, insulting sign painter again if she could help it. And she never heard what he said. But the legend was promptly altered.

Waffle Inn, as we must now call it, being the only old stone house near the state road in its section of the Catskills and far more interesting in appearance than any of the restaurants or tourists' homes within a radius of twenty miles, soon began to draw its share of attention. In two weeks, through tips and small commissions, Pan acquired twelve dollars and thirty cents. But Mrs. Peters was not satisfied, said they were not doing the business they ought to, and that William wanted to lay out an archery green on the site of the graveyard. He knew where he could get the equipment cheap from someone in the village.

In vain the Forrests remonstrated and spoke of their father's promise to old Miss Whispell. The Peters both said that was nonsense. A few days later Pan was in the kitchen when Jud Everts, the laborer who was helping prepare the grounds, appeared.

"There's something queer going on out there. I don't like the look on it."

"Where?" asked Mrs. Peters.

"On the graveyard. It's wet, yet it hasn't been rainin'. Water seems to be drippin' down from the ledge above."

"Go and see what he means," said the cook. "William's gone to the village."

Pan was glad to escape to the open air. Jud was right. Peter Whispell's burying place, which he had been leveling off, was soggy with moisture.

"There must be a spring at the top of the cliff, but I never noticed it before." Pan paused by the stone, which was leaning against the bank, and laid her hand upon it. "I don't know what else would explain it."

"I wouldn't be getting gay with that stone, if I was you," declared Jud. "I'm kind of sorry myself I meddled with it. There did use to be a spring way up; they piped the water down to the glass factory from it, in hollow logs under ground, grandfather said. But they must have rotted long ago—and they never come down as fur as this."

"Tell me about the glass factory," begged Pan. "Peter Whispell owned it, didn't he?" (Continued on page 48)

Sister knew what made me fuss..



IT WAS FORTUNATE that Patsy Mallory had attended the splendid "little mothers" class at her school. Because she knew what was making baby brother so fussy and fretful.

Patsy had learned how easily a baby's skin is chafed and how important it is to wash his garments with the very gentlest soap. A famous child specialist had advised Lux. "It cannot irritate even the most sensitive skin," he said.

So Patsy suggested that Mother try Lux for brother's things. And how downy his little woolens were after a gentle Lux bath! Diapers, too—so sweet and soft. It wasn't long before baby's painful diaper rash disappeared.

Lux has none of the harmful alkali found in so many soaps. And with the instant Lux suds there's no rubbing to shrink and harshen woolens. That's why it's best to use Lux for *everything* of baby's!



Jo Ann's Drama

(Continued from page 14)

GEORGE WASHINGTON: What is that Indian chief over in that corner doing?

INDIAN GIRL: He is scalping that mean spy, Jim Turner, that has been bothering us so much lately. (*The Indian Chief brings something to George Washington.*)

INDIAN CHIEF: Heap big Indian chief scalp that mean spy, Jim Turner. Big chief find this letter in his pocket. No know how to read. You keep um.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Well, well! This is not a letter. This is the valentine my father wrote for my mother in 1732, when I was a baby. That Jim Turner stole it. I guess he thought it was a valuable document.

INDIAN GIRL: You keep it?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Yes, it is poetry and I like poetry. I will always keep it in my pocket. Well, goodbye. I guess this war is about over, so I will go home and get married to Martha Custis.

"I suppose I'm the Indian Girl in that act," said Wicky. "I can be that. But, Jo Ann, how can Tommy scalp you? Even if you wear a wig for him to scalp, your hair will show after he scalps you."

"I can lie with my feet to the audience so they can't see my hair," said Jo Ann. "Shall I read the third act? In the third act you are Martha Washington. I made the third act 'Washington Crossing the Delaware' because Ted wanted to be crossing the Delaware, and I'm having Martha Washington in the boat."

"But why would Martha Washington be crossing the Delaware?" asked Wicky. "I thought it was just the Revolutionary army keeping out of the way of the British."

"Oh, don't be so fussy!" exclaimed Jo Ann. "Things have to be different in plays sometimes. I guess you are just going part of the way with your husband because you don't see him very often. Now, listen."

MARTHA WASHINGTON: Well, General Washington, here we are, crossing the Delaware River in a boat.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Yes, so I notice, and it is a very bad day for row boating, too, with all this ice about. If the boat should sink we would all be drowned in this icy water.

MARTHA WASHINGTON: Yes, we would, and I feel water getting into my shoes now.

INDIAN CHIEF: General! General! Boat got heap big leak. Us all get drowned in Delaware River.

MARTHA WASHINGTON: Alas! Alas! Hasn't somebody got something to stop the leak with?

BOATMAN: Alas! Alas! I haven't got anything. We will all be drowned.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Alas! Alas! Now I will never win the Revolutionary War and be President of the United States.

MARTHA WASHINGTON: Alas! Alas! What shall we do?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Wait a minute—I have something here in my pocket. Yes, it is the valentine my father wrote for my mother. Take it and stop the leak with it. It may do.

BOATMAN: Hurrah! Hurrah! We are

saved. The valentine has stopped the leak. How glad I am that one of the days in February is Valentine's Day and that General George Washington got back this valentine from that mean old spy.

MARTHA WASHINGTON: Yes, and I am glad there was a Washington's Birthday, because if there hadn't been he wouldn't have been in this boat and we would all have been drowned. Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

For a minute or so after Jo Ann had finished reading the play Wicky said nothing. Then she saw that Jo Ann was waiting.

"Why, Jo Ann, I think it is splendid," said Wicky. "I think it is just wonderful. You've got everything in it—the valentine and George Washington and the scalping—and I know the boys will love it. It's great."

"I'm glad you like it," said Jo Ann, trying to seem modest. "It isn't so easy to write a play. I don't mean I'm a genius or anything, Wicky, but I think it is a pretty good play."

Ted, when Jo Ann read the play to the boys, thought the play was fine. He was in every act and was the most important character. Tommy Bassick was not quite so pleased.

"All right," he said. "I guess it has got to do, but if I wrote a play about George Washington, I'd have more battles in it. I'd have a real battle. From your play, Jo Ann, they'll think that all he did was lie around in cradles and stand in boats and carry old valentines around in his pockets."

"Then you write the play," said Jo Ann. "Make it all battles for all I care."

Ted saw she was offended by Tommy's implied criticism and he hastened to try to smooth things over.

"Now, don't be huffy, Jo Ann," he said. "We like your play all right. We think it's a dandy play, don't we, Tommy? But you could make it four acts, you know. You could write in another act with a battle."

Jo Ann folded her manuscript. Her lips were set very severely.

"Write your own play, then," she said after a moment. "I work and work, and I think and think, and I write a perfectly good play, and then you want to change it."

"Oh, now, Jo Ann!" Ted begged. "Don't

fly off the handle, please. Your play is all right. We'll act it exactly as you wrote it."

"You'll act it just the way I wrote it, or you won't act it at all," Jo Ann declared, and presently she was pacified. The boys went over to Tommy Bassick's to make the ice for the Delaware River.

"The only thing I hope," said Jo Ann, "is that the audience won't be bored by the play. That's the awfullest thing that can happen. When an audience is bored by a play, it is just dreadful."

"They won't be bored by your play, Jo Ann," Wicky said, and she did not know how true her prediction was.

Saturday morning a dress rehearsal was held in Gertner's loft and it went off well enough. Jo Ann had some trouble with the moustache she wore as the spy, Jim Turner. It would not stay straight on her face, one end going up and the other down when she spoke, but the scalping was a success. The boat Tommy and Ted had made of wooden strips and brown paper looked almost like a boat, and the cakes of ice—even if they looked a little as if they had just been delivered to the Delaware River by an iceman—did look quite like ice.

At half-past three the guests trooped out of Jo Ann's house and ran laughing to the Gertner barn and up the steps to the loft. Jo Ann and Tommy and Wicky and Ted Spence hurried into their costumes and reached the barn as the others did, and climbed the ladder to the stage.

The sight that greeted the audience as it entered the loft was one of destruction. The sheets were torn down, the cradle and boat were smashed and ruined, even the ice had been broken into kindling, and on the stage the hill boys jeered at the audience.

And then Jo Ann and Tommy and Ted Spence and Wicky reached the top of the ladder. One moment was enough for Jo Ann to understand what had happened, and she leaped at the biggest of the hill boys. Tommy Bassick and Ted Spence went into action, too. Although the hill boys were big and six to four, they had the disadvantage of being in the wrong and they knew they were. For a few minutes they did try to fight back and they were minutes of the liveliest action Gertner's hay loft had ever seen. Then the intruders ran for the ladder, and half fell and half climbed down.

The audience, puzzled by the suddenness with which the "play" had begun, was still standing but the applause when the battle was won was long and loud.

"Great! Hot stuff!" one of the boys shouted, and one girl said to another, "It's a George Washington play, so they had to have a battle in it, but I don't know what battle it was."

"Maybe it was the battle of White Plains," said the other girl. "My, it's cold up here! I wish Jo Ann would hurry up."

Wicky, now that the excitement was over, was crying quietly with her back to the audience. Jo Ann was breathing hard and looking at the wreckage. Tommy Bassick and Ted Spence were cleaning up the debris, pushing it to one side of the stage, and the applause of the audience continued. It liked the play. It was enthusiastic and wanted more.

Jo Ann took a deep breath and gave her moustache a sharp twist. The audience had



seated itself and was becoming quiet. For only a moment longer Jo Ann hesitated. Then she turned to Wicky.

"Wicky, come on!" she said. "Stop sniffling. We'll give the play anyway. It's no worse than if we'd let Tommy have a battle in it."

She stooped and picked up the doll that was to be the infant George Washington and handed it to Wicky. Jo Ann went to the front of the stage.

"That showed how George Washington could fight if he really had to," she said in a clear, loud voice. "Now we will have the second act, and this—"

She looked around and after a second's thought selected one of the cakes of Delaware River ice that was least demolished and turned it upside down.

"And this," she said, "this is George's cradle."

The audience applauded. It applauded the cradle, and it applauded Jo Ann. It applauded tumultuously throughout the entire play.

"Jo Ann," asked one of the party guests when the play was over, "what battle was that in the first act?"

"Why, that," said Jo Ann, "was the Battle of Gertner's barn."

Snip Goes Her Hair

(Continued from page 15)

away from the crown of the head, down at the back and sides and forward on top of the head. The tapered locks over the forehead and ears frame the face attractively and becomingly.

You will notice that our artist has sketched no little sausage rolls and no long drooping Greta Garbo curls. See how much more clean-cut and attractive these heads look when the hair stops at the neckline. Older girls can keep this same smoothly modeled silhouette with slightly longer hair—say, of shoulder length—in a small chignon or crossover knot. But a great sagging knot of hair on the back of the head is death to smartness and youthfulness. It not only gives a girl a top-heavy look, but it spoils the natural outline of her head.

Braids long enough to sit on may seem a real treasure when we're young but they are a handicap when we're getting more grown-up. It takes courage to use the scissors on a fine crop of hair. But remember that it takes only a year to grow six new inches of hair.

By judicious shortening and thinning with scissors we can have just enough hair, instead of too much. By brushing our hundred strokes a day up and away from the head we fluff out the hair, clean it and improve its luster.

By massaging the scalp we give it the same stimulation that our face enjoys when it gets a good scrub. By taking the time to give upward pokes to the side locks and deft little twists to the ends, we give our hair every chance to develop a wave all its own.

The clean silhouette and well-trained cut ends of hair are the earmarks of 1933. So look to the scissors and the end-wavers!

NOTE: What particular topics pertaining to good looks are you interested in? Write and tell us so that we can give you what you want and need.

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BEDROOM SLIPPERS to match the official bathrobe come in sizes 3-8 (no half sizes) to fit the youngest Girl Scout and the most grown-up leader. A soft leather in dark green is used for the uppers and green suede for the soles and cushion heel. The trefoil is stamped in black on the tongue. H 191.....\$1.00

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THE MANICURE SET consists of leather case, stamped with the trefoil in gold, manicure scissors of high quality steel, steel nail file and orange stick. M 508.....75 cents.

THE TREFOIL MONEY CLIP has additional uses . . . as a paper clip for the desk or a napkin clip. Made of silvered nickel, it will not peel or chip. M 608.....50 cents

THE BOOK MARKER uses the trefoil for the metal head and green suedine for the tongue. M 609.....15 cents

A NEW MEMORY BOOK has loose-leaf pages cleverly illustrated for all Girl Scout activities, for autographs and 25 sheets of mounting paper for snapshots and photographs. The green leatherette cover is stamped with the trefoil and the title in gold. M 612.....\$1.00

STORIES OF THE STARS although written for the younger Girl Scout should be included among the books of every scout and leader. Stars are no longer distant planets but living personalities as people and animals. Lovely illustrations in beautiful colors are used throughout the book. Paper cover. Z 607.....10 cents

A NEW FOLDING KNIFE AND FORK SET is of stainless steel and contains a spoon as well as the knife and fork. The leather case is stamped with the trefoil in gold. P 283.....\$1.00

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MAKING a MARIONETTE?

these materials will help you

MARIONETTE SHOWS are popular. Many Girl Scout Troops are organizing Shows for entertainment and for raising funds.

Much of the fun is in preparing the show. Making the dolls, building the stage, painting the scenery is fascinating work.

Binney & Smith Co. ARTISTA TEMPERA POSTER COLORS are invaluable in many ways. They should be used for painting the puppets, for decorating the stage and scenery. For more delicate effects, such as tinting the faces and hands of marionettes, use Artista Water Colors.

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Send check, or money order, for our special assortment of 12 jars of Artista Tempera Poster Colors, sufficient for making the usual Marionette Show. Artista Water Colors, black enamel box—8 semi-moist cakes, No. 08 assortment, 50c. Use the Coupon below.

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Address

This Puppet World

(Continued from page 25)

strips of toweling, which have been saturated with the paste. Continue this until the ball becomes plastic. Then start molding the features. Make the mass large enough so as to allow for the neck. It is not necessary to mold every detail of the face. You can depend largely upon the painting for your effects. When the molding is finished, rest the head upon the neck to dry. The drying time is from twelve to fourteen hours. Do not touch the puppet until you are sure the head is entirely dry.

When the head has fully dried, the features are painted with water colors and doll's hair is glued on. By now the head is bound to have a lifelike appearance—and it undoubtedly expresses a good bit of your individuality.

The hands are also made from this form of papier-mâché. Make a wire frame as shown in the illustration on page twenty-five. On to this, plaster the paper strips into the shape of hands. The shape may be very crude, with the thumb only separate from the fingers, for at a distance the effect is more than adequate.

The feet are carved from solid blocks of wood. The heavier the wood the better, for the heavier the puppets' feet, the more realistic the walk. (See the illustration at the bottom of page twenty-five.) You will find it helpful to tack dressmakers' weights or pieces of lead, cut to fit, to the soles of the feet to add weight.

It is well to bear in mind that for the best results a marionette when finished should be jointed so loosely that each joint can bend easily, allowing the parts to double and touch. For instance, the chin should rest upon the chest; the body should double and touch at the waist, and likewise with the various other pieces. The freedom obtained from the loose joints allows the puppet to be more easily operated, and makes it more effective.

The body construction is very simple. A man's sock and a roll of cotton are all the materials needed. Cut off the sock above

cotton, then place the pencil in the open end, enclosing it by sewing the top of the sock securely around the pencil. The remaining part of the sock is filled also and sewed at the bottom.

The arms are hollow cloth sleeves with a seam across from side to side at the elbow. The hands, which may be made to appear very realistic by using water colors, are tied in the sleeve. Then the sleeves are tacked to either end of the shoulder piece.

The same method is applied to the legs, except that they are stuffed above and below the bend in the knee. After that the feet are inserted and the legs are sewed to the extreme end of the body, one on either side. This sewing is sufficient to form a joint.

If you wish, you may make a marionette from a doll. Just loosen its joints and then attach the strings. However, the marionette made by the above instructions is very satisfactory.

As the doll actors will not be able to change into different clothes, the costuming will be left entirely to the type character to be used. But by all means, if the character requires period costuming, be authentic. The public libraries offer many helpful and fascinating books on costume design.

The most delicate task—yet one which seems to accomplish most—is the stringing of the marionette. This is accomplished with strings made of strong linen thread, preferably black, since that is less noticeable than colors.

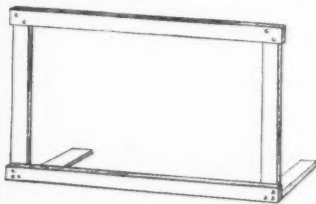
Approximately two feet of string should hang from each side of the head at a point directly above the ears, ready to be attached to the controller. The remaining lengths of string used will be in proportion to the head strings. The head strings may be attached by tying them around the head of a pin and inserting the pin in the papier-mâché head.

Other strings are fastened to each arm at the wrist; each leg at the knee; two strings to the shoulders one-half an inch from the outer edge; and one string to the middle of the back at the waist. These strings may be fastened to the doll by sewing in the respective places.

A rather complicated-looking apparatus but a most helpful one, to which each of the strings mentioned above must be attached and to which Tony Sarg has given the name "controller", will be the next step.

The main controller is fashioned in the shape of a cross. The crossbar about nine inches long is fastened with a nut and bolt (to allow for turning to the main strip,

FIGURE ONE: FRAME OF THE PROSCENIUM ARCH



the heel and divide it into two separate parts by sewing a straight seam from side to side. Cut a groove in the middle of a round stick of wood or a pencil. This forms the shoulder piece, the length of the stick to be determined by the size of the puppet. Now make a screw hook secure in this groove by pinching it together, but not so tight as to impede its moving up and down. The end of this hook screws up into the neck of the marionette, thereby fastening the head securely to the shoulder piece. (See the illustration on page twenty-five.)

Fill the top section of the sock with

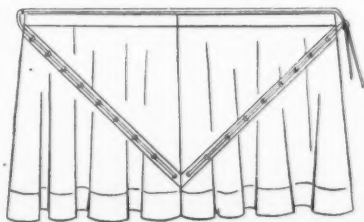


FIGURE TWO: COLORED FLANNEL CURTAINS

which is about one foot in length). Tiny holes are made, with a heated nail, a quarter of an inch from each end of the nine-inch strip and at the longest end of the twelve-inch strip; also in each end of an eight-inch strip which is to be used as the leg stick. The strings from the marionettes will run through these holes and tie to the controller.

It is advisable to have someone hold the controller while you attach the strings, as this person will be able to aid in getting the correct lengths of each string. The head strings are attached to the nine-inch bar. The hand strings are fastened each to a rack which has been placed on the short or front end of the main stick. The shoulder strings make a loop over the main stick just back of the crossbar. The string attached to the middle of the back is fastened to the tip end of the main stick. The knee strings are fastened to the eight-inch length and are held in the operator's right hand.

When not used in walking the leg stick is placed on the front edge of the main controller, thus freeing the right hand of the operator, allowing him to devote both hands to the manipulation of the other strings. A natural walk is performed when the leg stick is twisted back and forth thus causing the feet to lift alternately. This must be accompanied by a forward movement of the main controller. Walking is perhaps one of the most difficult feats for a marionette to do naturally, so it is suggested that in the beginning you have your marionette sit as much as possible and speak, moving hands and nodding his head.

The main controller is held in the left hand, and with it most of the operations are performed. Tilting the controller downward makes the puppet bow, upward makes him look up. While if you tip him up and down quickly, he is found to be a really good jumper. The slightest lift of the shoulder strings causes the head to nod, and when this is accompanied by the movement of the head string crossbar the puppet will turn his head from side to side. The hands will gesticulate by a slight twist of the hand strings. It is very easy to keep a doll's feet on the floor and it really looks much better than if the puppet is in mid-air—so, remember.

How to Build a Stage and Some Suggestions for Plays

Stagecraft—a bewitching word—the final step in the making of your marionette outfit! A vast opportunity for originality is offered in making and designing the stage. However, there are certain suggestions which should be most helpful.

It is necessary to bear in mind the actual size of the puppet actors in connection with the construction of the stage, since it must be in proportion to them. If the average puppet be fifteen inches high then the stage should measure approximately thirty-seven by twenty-seven, by twelve inches.

First of all, a frame for the stage opening, the proscenium arch, must be constructed. Beaverboard makes a splendid arch as it does not break or bend easily and is comparatively light. It may be ordered cut to size from almost any hardware store at a very low cost. The outside should be arched as in the illustration. The opening cut should (Continued on page 46)



But how the boys "rush" her now!

She has gained 12 pounds this pleasant way

TWO short months ago Peggy was the prize wallflower of her class. At every school dance you'd see her "parked" against the wall—thin as a rail in her party dress—looking lonely and ready to cry.

She knew why she wasn't popular. She was all arms and legs! She was all sharp points and angles!

She asked her gym teacher how she could gain some weight—and her gym teacher told her about Cocomalt. Peggy began to drink it regularly, and in a few months she had gained 12 pounds.

What a difference in her appearance! She is well-rounded now—beautifully formed. You ought to see the way the boys are "rushing" her. No one will be able to call Peggy a wall-flower again!

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If you are growing fast but not filling out,

you need Cocomalt. It's a delicious chocolate flavor food drink. It gives you extra proteins, carbohydrates and minerals—so essential to strong, sturdy development. Furthermore, it is rich in Sunshine Vitamin D which you need for your bones and teeth. Just mix it with milk—you'll love it!

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Your mother can get Cocomalt at grocers or drug stores—in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. family size. But be sure it's the genuine Cocomalt—the food-drink accepted by the American Medical Association—and not a cheap imitation. Or mail coupon and 10c for trial can.

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From "Young Lafayette," Houghton Mifflin Company

America Grows Older

A bookshelf about America, past and present, is suggested to you in this month of patriotic holidays

By SOPHIE GOLDSMITH

DURING November of the past week of 1932, the slogan of Book Week was "Books for Young America." It was a good slogan, except for the fact that there were so many alluring books that month, that young America and older America as well were both in danger of going cross-eyed trying to do justice to all of them. By February, certain selections of this fascinating output seem to stand out with especial clarity, particularly to those of us who, in reading newspapers whose news has never been more absorbing, are uneasily conscious of many gaps in our knowledge of our country's history. As we watch our greatest statesmen, our most astute politicians, our solid financiers, grope about as uneasily and as uncertainly as though they were trying to pass college board exams and couldn't think of any answers, we can't help wondering How They Got That Way.

It's something like the feeling we get when we are little children, staring at our parents, as it suddenly occurs to us that, good heavens, they were young once, too!

Just so, as we watch America on its newspaper pages, some of us begin to wonder what she was really like in her young days. Of course, there are varied answers to that question, answers long accepted as authoritative and authentic. It is the answers which our own contemporaries are making, in the language which appeals to many among us, which I should like to present to you this month.

Discovering Christopher Columbus by Charlotte Brewster Jordan (Macmillan) is the alluring title of one of the most interesting of these books. We had always been under the impression that Columbus did all the discovering—what is this new slant which makes him the discovered instead of the discovering? It is that of an American schoolboy, Christopher Cole, who is, as he tells us, an avowed "Columbus fan." In the first place his own name is Christopher, and, in the second, an uncle has given him the famous journal logbook of Columbus.

Christopher is by no means the first person to succumb to the lure of those noble pages, but he is unusually fortunate in having an uncle sufficiently interested to watch the effect. Because he sees young Chris becoming more and more of a hero worshipper of the great Christopher, Uncle Kit takes his nephew on a tour through Spain, in the course of which he touches on every city connected with the life of Columbus.

He is an admirer of Washington Irving as well as of Columbus, so he doesn't mind at all when by accident he is locked in the very room where Irving wrote *The Al-*

bambra. On the contrary, the old tales are the more vividly impressed on his mind. The book gives an interesting combination of Columbus's life, of the history of his times, and of the Spanish cities and customs of today.

These United States and How They Came to Be by Gertrude Hartman (Macmillan) gives incisive and brilliant pictures of America before Columbus arrived on its shores; during his tragic life; and of the various periods afterward during which our country struggled toward recognition as a great and powerful nation. Some of the chapter names will give a good idea of how broad a canvas is treated in this book; and of how many countries and civilizations are presented in rapid and comprehensive survey. *Spices and a New World, In the Great Days of Spain, What Sought They Thus Afar?, America Moves West, America Grows Up*—these are headings which at once arouse our interest. We are not disappointed. Just as a human Columbus rises from the skillful combination of the past and the present in *Discovering Christopher Columbus*, so a United States unusually rich in associations and interest is created in *These United States of Ours*. The illustrations add greatly to the magnetism of the book.

Those of us who enjoy a different kind of language, not so dignified but equally graphic, will have good fun and genuine stimulus in *Berta and Elmer Hader's Picture Book of the States* (Harper). Do not let the words "picture book," in the title, lead you to think this book is for little children. I doubt that, if your young brothers and sisters were confronted with a fat Boy Scout carrying crabs and approaching a housewife guarding, with arms akimbo, her canned tomatoes and oysters, they would have the least interest in, or idea of, the fact that "Cambridge has huge canneries for tomatoes, oysters and crabs."

To go from general United States history to specific portions of it, the American Revolution actually leaps out at us from the pages of *Young Lafayette* by Jeanette Eaton (Houghton Mifflin and Junior Literary Guild). Although this is a biography of Lafayette who as a young man left the luxury of the court of Louis XVI to help the struggling colonies in their war against England, yet it succeeds equally well in reconstructing for us some of the most thrilling phases of the American Revolution.

Never has Valley Forge, for example, been more vividly presented. Never has Washington, in the eyes of the adoring Lafayette invariably a hero, been more graphically introduced than during his

darkest hours, when he was the victim of intrigue and jealousy and when he drank deep draughts of young Lafayette's adoration and confidence. The picture of the friendship between the two men is a very fine one. In the course of the book we are spurred on to all sorts of study and research, some of it perhaps irrelevant, but all of it interesting. For instance, on hearing that one of Lafayette's chums was the Comte de Ségur, we are immediately arrested by that magic name. We hunt up our old de Ségur fairy tales, and dream again through its delicate pages. We read of Benjamin Franklin in Paris struggling to obtain aid for the colonies, and out comes our *Poor Richard's Almanac*. When Lafayette leaves America, after a visit to Washington—a journey which brings vividly to mind our own pilgrimages to storied Mount Vernon—and returns to Paris and the court of Louis XVI, the bloody pages of the French Revolution beckon to us from many a thrilling source. It is a book exceptionally stimulating, thoroughly saturated by the adventurous spirit of its subject.

Katharine Gordon, Patriot, by Gertrude Crownfield (Dutton), gives in fiction form dramatic glimpses of America and Americans during the American Revolution. The heroine, a lovely and high-spirited Charleston girl, has, before the actual outbreak of the war, incurred the hostility of a British officer with whom her brother Tom had been at school in England. Always a bully, Blake Hamlin vows vengeance on the girl and her brother. After their home has been burned during the siege of Charleston by the British, after Tom has joined Marion's men and has the resultant high price upon his head; after her father has been imprisoned and her mother dies, he traces Katharine to her refuge with an aunt at Yorktown. The inequality of the contest between the British and Americans is made more apparent in this book than in the majority of other romances dealing with the American Revolution; and, although Katharine and brave John Rutherford are finally victorious over the scheming Hamlin, the bitterness and severity of the struggle are not minimized.

The Pursuit of Happiness by Leonora Sill Ashton (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard) is written for girls younger than those who will appreciate the good writing and winning qualities of *Katharine Gordon, Patriot*. The scene is New York City in the home of Augustus van Dam. Here, too, a traitor to the American cause attempts to play havoc with the happiness of a group of young people. In this story, however, the traitor is won over to America by the martyrdom

of Nathan Hale; and the loyalty and bravery of Clarissa, Neltje and their friends is rewarded. Old New York and its suburbs are convincingly reconstructed for us here, and quaint names and landmarks live again.

The mention of Nathan Hale recalls an interesting biography—*Nathan Hale, a Story of Loyalties*, by Jane Darrow (Century). Nathan Hale has been for us all an heroic figure—almost a legend. Here he is presented as a flesh-and-blood young man. Although his interests were always broad, gradually a desire to be of genuine service to his country became predominant. School teaching was only marking time, much as he loved his work, and when the Revolution finally burst, his course was clear. His volunteering to "reconnoitre" was really quixotic, but most characteristic of his fearless nature and of his burning desire to be of use. More touching in its brevity and meager details than many of the sentimental outpourings which his tragic fate has invoked, the account of his final death as a spy is extremely effective, and the book fittingly transmits to us the heritage of one of America's noblest figures.

Aspects of the Civil War as well as of the American Revolution are presented to us in interesting and telling fiction. *A Patriot in Hoops* by Frances Cavanah (McBride) will appeal to girls from about eleven to fourteen. Although it is in book form, each chapter is almost a little story in itself—an advantage and a disadvantage, according to one's point of view. Sara Sterling is a Maryland girl, but her sympathies and those of her family are entirely with the Union cause. When the story opens, she and Matilda are comparing the relative beauties of Sara's first hoop skirts and of Matilda's new photograph album. From the fact that Matilda's mother will not allow her to keep President Lincoln's autograph after he has given it to her, her sympathies are evident, and this is a sad blow to Sara, for the two girls have been chums since babyhood. The War temporarily breaks up their friendship, although they still meet at school, where a much-loved teacher realizes and sympathizes with the strained situation between them. Their fathers fight on opposing sides, and the girls are increasingly alienated.

Sara works dauntlessly for the Union, and her adventures, in a cause in which she is enlisted heart and soul, are as varied and as thrilling as those of any boy. She is the means of capturing a band of traitors who meet in a secret cave; she defies but feeds a detachment of "Johnny Rebs" who invade the farm; she succeeds in getting secret dispatches to President Lincoln himself by means of the precious hoop skirts so dear to her vanity. There are all sorts of little touches girls will appreciate, such as those of the "mystic books" and photograph albums of the time.

No Surrender by Emma Gelders Sterne (Duffield and Green) is exceptionally good and far above the average Civil War story. In the first place, its period is unusual. It commences with the

end of the Civil War—with the day on which news of the surrender of General Lee has seeped down to unbelieving Alabama, so many of whose husbands, fathers and sons have for weary years fought the battles of the Confederacy. At the Thomas farm, from which the master has for long been absent serving as a Confederate surgeon, the news is received with more than the ordinary amount of incredulity and sadness. A treacherous overseer who has made it his especial business to foment discontent among the slaves in the absence of their master, first exultantly brings the news, about which old Uncle Pete soon sadly remarks, "Dis here 'surrender', seems like hit worse dan de war!" Immediately the slaves abandon the farm, leaving young Chris to play the man of the family, to shoulder all the responsibilities both of his father and of the field hands.

He rises splendidly to the emergency—indeed the entire story is a record of courage and gayety in the face of trials which would have daunted anyone. Although the interest is breathlessly and faultlessly maintained, it is the beauty of style and the vitality of the book's texture which make it an enviable literary achievement. Chris' mother is an inspiring figure. So is Miss Sally, whose wedding on the poverty-stricken farm is one of the high lights of the story. "It is best to be gay at a wedding," observes Chris' mother lightly, "though you haven't any shoes." At last Dr. Thomas returns, and one of the bitterest chapters in United States history draws to a close.

First Ladies by Katharine Prindiville (Macmillan) has an intriguing title. The First Ladies of America—that fascinating procession of the mistresses of the White House—are the heroines of this book. From Martha Washington and Abigail Adams to Grace Coolidge and Lou Henry Hoover, the periods in which these women presided over the White House flash out at us as crisply as do the silhouettes by Undine Dunn which illustrate their stories. Few as interesting subjects could be found. And handled as they are in terse newspaper manner, they present to us a pageant of America's history and stimulate us to further reading on all sorts of allied subjects.

To close this group of books which tell of America's crucial periods, and of some of her most picturesque figures, there is *Golden Tales of the Prairie States*, selected by May Lamberton Becker. We have read Mrs. Becker's previous books in this same series—*Golden Tales of Our America*, *Golden Tales of the Old South*, and *Golden Tales of New England*. This book maintains the high standards of its predecessors. Fine fiction is one of the most brilliant of teachers, and these judicious selections from

authors such as William Allen White, Caroline Dale Snedeker, "Mr. Dooley", and Sinclair Lewis, present to us the mid-Western section of America, each in his own peculiarly gifted manner. A short sketch of each author by Mrs. Becker precedes each story, which adds greatly to the intimate and close-knit quality of the book.

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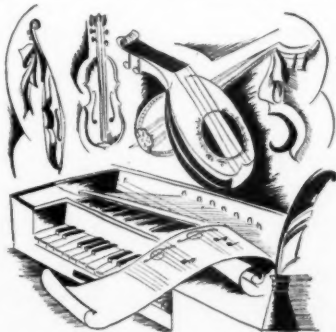
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The Laughing Princess



(Continued from page 24)

that. Hurry, have you lost your tongue?"

"Your sister sent me with a message," Rosamond began.

He caught her hand and pulling her to him, said in his deep voice, "Out with it! What's struck you dumb as a whipping post?"

"The Princess bade me give you her dearest love and her deep respects and said she begged that you would be loving and forgiving as you have always been——" Rosamond began the long speech the Princess Mary had planned.

"Loving and forgiving!" Honeyed words! Come out with it. What prank has she been up to now that she craves my forgiveness?"

Rosamond's knees began to tremble.

"No prank, your Majesty," she said hastily, then blurted out, "She has but married Charles Brandon and craves your blessing."

The King flung his cup of wine from him. It fell in a crimson pool at his feet. He rose to his mighty height, his face scarlet, his blue eyes bloodshot. He shook with rage.

"And she has sent you here to get my blessing!" he shouted. "I'll show her how I bless that evil match!"

He strode to the door and, throwing it open, bellowed for servants, who came running swiftly, trembling at his angry voice.

"Take this wench to the Tower!" he cried. "And send Wolsey to me!"

The servants sprang to Rosamond's side but even as they made to take her arms and lead her from the room she broke away from them and running to the King, knelt down before him and held out the papers.

"I bear another message!" she cried. "One of great importance! A faithful subject sent these to you!"

The King snatched the papers from her and his eyes burned like any angry dog's.

"Begone!" he snapped and the servants ran forward and led her from the room.

As they tramped along the silent hallway a door flew open and the Queen came out.

"What's this?" she cried. "Unhand that maid at once!"

"The King, your Majesty, has commanded that we take her to the Tower," one of the servants respectfully explained.

"To the Tower?" Catherine repeated in a low voice as though she choked with fear.

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Oh, I have failed bitterly," Rosamond cried, tears streaming down her cheeks.

The Queen turned her head haughtily.

"I wish to speak to the maid," she said

to the servants standing by. "You may go. I shall see that she is sent to the Tower. This is the Queen's command!"

The men bowed low and Rosamond followed the Queen into her chamber, whereupon her Majesty shut the door behind them and held Rosamond's trembling hands.

"You must leave the Palace at once," she said quickly.

"But where can I go?"

Rosamond asked piteously.

"I'll take you to your mother," Catherine said. "It is my hour to go out for the air. My coach stands at the

door. Come, wrap this Spanish woman's cloak about you and put this plaited coif upon your head!"

So Rosamond wrapped herself in the cloak and fitted the coif upon her golden hair. Then, a dust veil over her face, she followed the Queen.

They were well on their way when suddenly the dark Queen put her hand to her heart as if to still its beating. There came clearly to their ears the sound of galloping horses, tearing at full speed down the road from whence they had just come!

"They are coming to take me," Rosamond said, calm in her utter despair.

Queen Catherine put a kind hand over Rosamond's as she nodded sadly.

"I fear so, child," she said.

Rosamond suddenly straightened up, she had remembered something. This was no way for her to act! Cringing and crying and begging for mercy! How Hugh would scorn her! Her father, too, no doubt, would blush for shame! The men on horseback were quite close and the coach had drawn to one side for the road was narrow. Rosamond turned to face the door. But with a courteous salute the men swept past! The sound of hoofs grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and Rosamond sank back against the cushions with a little sob of relief. The coach rolled on again. They reached the clearing in the forest at last. The coachman got down and opened the door and Mistress Bolton came out to greet the Queen. She did not know her daughter, since the Spanish cloak disguised Rosamond.

"Your Majesty," Rosamond's mother began and would have dropped a deep curtsey but that the Queen caught her hand and drew her to her feet. Then she put Rosamond's hand in hers.

"I have brought you something very precious," she said in a low voice.

"Mother! Mother!" Rosamond cried, throwing herself in her mother's arms.

Everything seemed right again in Rosamond's world when she felt her mother's arms close around her. All the things that had happened in the long year just past since she had gone to the Court slipped from her like a cloak.

Rosamond and her mother spent the next two weeks under a cloud of fear. But by and by as it grew less a new anxiety took its place. They had not heard a word from Princess Mary or Charles Brandon; not a word from Hugh about his father, or about

his own wound. They were very uneasy.

One morning Rosamond awoke to the sound of a hunter's horn. Clear and sweet the silvery notes came floating on the air. She got up, went to the window and leaning upon the sill, drew in long, deep breaths of the perfumed morning air. The dew lay heavy on the grass. Like a silver carpet it was, clear in the early morning light, and Rosamond turned and, dressing herself as quickly as she could, ran down to the garden. The notes of the hunting horn had long since faded upon the air. All about the earth held only peace and quiet.

She went to a bench beneath a stately oak tree that stood upon a little rise of ground and sank upon it.

Suddenly the quiet broke. Almost at hand the silver horn again rang out. Rosamond jumped to her feet, both hands against her heart. There was naught to do but stand and wait until the hunters had swept past. Perhaps they would not notice her if she stood very still. The fear of some one's recognizing her and telling the King of her hiding place still haunted her.

As she watched the opening in the forest outside the wall that enclosed the garden, a rainbow-colored crowd of festively garbed men and women swept near. But even as she stared her heart stood still! There before them all there rode a mighty figure who drew rein at the garden gate. A mighty hunter dressed in green! The garden gate stood open. Through it swept the King, a crowd of men and women following at his heels.

"So this is where you've been!" the King cried in his roaring voice. "I might have known that a bird returns always to its nest."

"I am ready to go with you, your Majesty," Rosamond said, looking in his eyes.

"Go with me? Where?" the King demanded.

"To the Tower!" Rosamond answered in a trembling voice, for the dreaded words put icy fingers on her heart.

"I pray that I will never have to go there!" the King boomed out. "No, I go hunting! That is if you can find no reason why I should call it off today! Have you some foxes that you cannot bear to have caught?"

And he began to laugh. Rosamond stared at him. He was laughing! He was no longer angry with her! He was teasing her! And then a voice cried out, "For shame, brother! To treat the maiden so!" and Princess Mary ran forward and, throwing her arms around Rosamond, held her tight.

Then suddenly Rosamond heard her mother cry out in a loud voice, and she turned to see her running across the silvered grass like a young girl half her age. Before her daughter's startled gaze the mother threw herself into the open arms of a tall man dressed in hunter's green, a man enough like the King to be his brother!

"Father!" Rosamond cried, and sprang after her mother, forgetting all else in her joy.

"I do remember that once this little maiden invited me to drink some of her mother's famous brew! And I remember that she served it sweetly!" the King cried out.

Rosamond's mother turned and smiled. And she went swiftly into the house to order the serving maid to bring the mead. Rosamond, with a pretty gesture, begged the

King to be seated. Then she turned to Mary.

"It seems," the Princess said, pulling Rosamond down upon a bench beside her, "that time has rolled back a year. It might be the selfsame day that I did see you for the first time here in this very garden."

Rosamond nodded.

"Yes, it might be the selfsame day," she agreed, then looking around her she added, "but Lady Margery is not here. What happened to her?"

"She stayed in France with Anne Boleyn and they are making mischief at the gay French Court.

"You were quite right, Rosamond, she hated me and loved Charles Brandon. She made as much trouble as she could. She sent Luigi and his men after you. She had listened outside your father's door and had learned about the papers and as Luigi had paid spies in Cluny, Margery ran to them with her news. But Brandon's men killed Luigi and wounded three of his men although they themselves endured many wounds. So when the fight was over they returned to Cluny, too weak to finish the journey to the coast. Besides they knew that Hugh was with you."

"And your brother has forgiven you?" Rosamond asked eagerly, for this news seemed best of all.

Mary nodded. "It was your precious papers that did it. And he claims that I shall have a public wedding! All the Court is to come and the nation is to have a holiday. Ah, me, I'm tired of being wed, but you must stand up with me! I promise this shall be the last time it will happen."

Just then Charles came to Mary to ask why she was laughing and Rosamond slipped away to join her mother and father. They turned to greet her. Her father drew her close, his strong right arm about her.

"So this is the little maid who brought it all to pass," he said fondly. "This little worker of a thousand miracles."

Rosamond smiled happily at his praise.

"And Rosamond is brave," her mother told her father. "She is a Neville to her heart's deep core!"

"May we use our real name?" Rosamond asked eagerly. "Has the King forgiven us?"

"Yes, and more than that. He has given us back our lands!" her mother said excitedly. "Your father has but now told me."

"But those papers? What happened to them?" Rosamond asked.

The King heard her question. He strode across the grass and placing his hand upon her shoulder, swung her half around.

"The men who frightened you and Catherine so the day she brought you home, were my messengers! Cardinal Wolsey sent them with the papers in all haste to the Pope at Rome. He made short work of that foul scheme, I'll wager! So all is sunny now."

"We must away,"

he added and gave the word to the servants to fetch the horses. Princess Mary came to Rosamond and said, "You must come to Charles and me very, very soon."

She turned and, placing her little foot upon Charles Brandon's hand, vaulted to the saddle. From there she

waved to Rosamond before turning her horse's head to trot beside her brother. She said something to him which Rosamond could not hear but her soft, sweet laughter floated on the air. She was again the Laughing Princess Rosamond had loved.

William, the page, was the last to ride away. He called to Rosamond as he passed, "I'll come to see you soon!"

Rosamond watched them all, one by one, disappear among the forest trees. She turned then as in a dream and looked about her. Perhaps it had not happened after all!

But there before her were the empty pewter mugs upon the table. There the grass lay trampled from many feet. There stood her mother and father and Hugh smiling upon her.

THE END

What has happened so far in this story:

Rosamond Bolton lives with her mother and brother near London. Her father had been exiled from England when Rosamond was a baby, by King Henry the Seventh. One morning a hunting party stops at the cottage where Rosamond lives. She finds later that the leader of the hunt is King Henry the Eighth. That evening a messenger comes to Rosamond and tells her that the Princess Mary, Henry's sister, wishes her to come to court. Rosamond goes.

A few days later Mary tells Rosamond that she is to be married by proxy to the King of France, in spite of her love for Charles Brandon. Rosamond goes to France with Mary as a lady-in-waiting. Before the girls leave, the Queen gives from her own finger a ring which Rosamond is to return to the Queen if Mary is ever in trouble.

The King dies only a few months after Mary's arrival in France, and Mary and Rosamond move into Cluny Mansion. Rosamond goes to make arrangements for renting the mansion and on her way back a tall Englishman, who says his name is Willoughby, rescues her from a drunken street loiterer.

Charles Brandon and Hugh Bolton arrive in France, and Francis, the new King, helps Mary marry Brandon.

Hugh Bolton gets drawn into a street fight one winter afternoon coming to the rescue of the Englishman who had helped Rosamond, and Hugh discovers that he is his father. Both men are injured and return to Cluny Mansion to have their wounds dressed. Hugh is to go with Rosamond back to England to intercede for Mary with her brother. Rosamond plans to dress as a boy to make traveling safer and to carry with her papers valuable to England that Bolton has in his possession. Bolton has unearthed a plot of a group of Italians against England and wishes to expose it. Rosamond is accompanied by Mistress Clarabelle, Hugh and two horsemen. Before the party is far on its way four masked men attack the two mounted guards and attempt to take Rosamond away with them. She manages to climb upon one of the horses, however, and dashes away during the fighting.



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Kitchen Parties

(Continued from page 21)

over here. But in this instance we are using the cheese board and its contents as a main part of our buffet suppers—that is why I am suggesting the grilled cheese sandwiches, for our kitchen buffet.

Tomato Soup

Put the contents of a quart can of tomatoes into a saucepan. Add a pint of water, four cloves, one-half bay leaf, some minced onion and celery, a teaspoon of sugar. Simmer for ten minutes. Rub through a sieve.

Cream together four tablespoons fat, and four tablespoons flour. Dilute to a smooth paste with a little of the hot tomato. Add to the soup, stirring until it thickens. Add two teaspoons salt, one-fourth teaspoon pepper and a dash of cayenne. This will serve about eight. It can be prepared beforehand and kept hot in a double boiler.

When ready to serve pour into a pitcher, set on a tray with cups and spoons. A bowl of salted whipped cream may be added if you like.

Grilled Cheese Sandwiches

If you have an electric table stove you may proceed as follows: set different kinds of cheese out on a cheese board (use a pastry board if you haven't a cheese board). Add a plate of sliced breads of different kinds, or better still put the loaves of bread on a bread board with a knife, or in your mother's old-fashioned knife box. You will also need butter and a jar of mustard. Butter the bread. Add a dash of mustard and a slice of cheese. Set in the grill and cook until the cheese melts and the bread is toasted.

If you haven't a table grill or sandwich toaster make up the sandwiches beforehand, set them in a shallow pan and they will be all ready to put in the oven when you come in from your hike. If you do not

want to go to this trouble omit the bread and set out a bowl of assorted crackers—butter-thins, whole wheat crackers, graham crackers, and any other of your favorites, also a bowl of pretzels. They are all delicious with cheese.

Instead of grilled cheese sandwiches you may prefer either pigs in blankets or hot dogs in blankets.

Pigs in Blankets

These may be prepared beforehand. Select twice as many, or more, large oysters as you have guests. Drain thoroughly. Wrap each oyster in a strip of bacon and fasten with a toothpick. Set these in a pan and put in the refrigerator ready to put under the broiling flame when you return from the hike. The pigs should be left in the oven or under the broiling flame only long enough to cook the bacon.

Toasted Dogs in Blankets

Select twice as many or more, frankfurters as you have guests. Split and spread with mustard and wrap in a slice of bacon and cook as for pigs in blankets.

Individual Chicken Pies

Select a five-pound fowl. Have the butcher cut it in pieces as for a fricassée.

Now put the pieces into a hot frying pan and sear on all sides until nice and brown. Put the chicken into a pot. Rinse out the frying pan with hot water and add to the chicken. Cover and simmer until the chicken is tender.

When your chicken is done divide it into individual casseroles which have been greased. Measure out the stock the chicken was cooked in. For each cup allow one tablespoon of flour. Mix this into a smooth paste with a little of the chicken fat. Return to the stock, put into a saucepan over the fire and cook, stirring constantly until the gravy thickens. Add a little of the gravy

to each pie. It must not come to the top of the chicken. The rest is reserved to serve with the pies. Cover with a crust cut out with a heart-shaped cutter. Put in hot oven and bake twenty minutes.

Chicken Pie Crust

Measure out two cups sifted flour, add four teaspoons baking powder, and sift again. Measure out six tablespoons fat, very cold. Cut this into the flour, then add gradually about three-fourths cup of ice water, tossing the flour and water together until a soft dough is formed, neither too dry nor too sticky. Knead a little. Sprinkle some flour on the board, smooth out with palm of your hand. Tip out the dough. Scrape the bowl and roll the dough around with a spatula into a ball. Pull or roll lightly until one-half inch thick. Cut out with the heart-shaped cookie cutter and put on pie.

Instead of the chicken pies you may serve creamed mushrooms and green peas on toast.

Creamed Mushrooms and Green Peas on Toast

Wash, peel and slice a pound of mushrooms. Put a quarter of a cup of butter in the frying pan. Add the mushrooms, cover and cook with a low flame until tender. Add enough cream to cover. In the meantime open a can of peas. Put into a saucepan with a teaspoon of sugar and cook rapidly, uncovered, until the water is evaporated. Add some butter and salt. Add the mushrooms. Serve on thin slices of toast.

Apple and Celery Salad

Mix equal parts of diced celery and apple, using apples with red skin and leaving the skin on. Put this in a bowl and sprinkle with lemon juice. Add chopped nuts, and add to a mayonnaise mixed with an equal amount of whipped cream.

The Puppet World

(Continued from page 41)

measure twenty by thirty inches. A hand scroll, saw and sandpaper accomplish this most efficiently.

The proscenium arch is tacked to a wooden frame which is easily constructed of light weight wood two inches wide—in the manner shown in figure One. Iron or wooden braces may be used in making the stage frame firm. The arch may be decorated with water color paint or covered with bits of colored paper forming a crazy quilt covering. If this latter method is used, a coat of white shellac is necessary.

The back-drop may be a discarded window shade or a large sheet of cardboard tacked to a frame.

To paint a back-drop one need not be an artist. Simple but most effective drops are made with a gray background and a combination of one or more of the secondary colors—orange, green, and violet. These drops may suggest an outdoor or an indoor scene. If one is artistically inclined, almost anything is possible for a back-drop. Perhaps a stately English courtyard or the interior of a room, almost any scene which fits the

action of the play. One's fancy is one's guide.

The proscenium arch frame and the back-drop frame are joined together and made stationary by nailing a strip of wood across the point where the braces meet. (See figure One page forty.)

The top strip of wood on the back-drop frame will be used as a rest for the puppeteers' elbows. To both ends of this strip may be thumbtacked cardboard wings. The making of the wings will depend largely upon the play selected. But whatever the wings may be, whether the portion of a house or some lovely foliage, the colors used must harmonize with the back-drop as well as with the costumes of the puppet actors.

Next—the most essential part of the stage—the curtains. These must be fashioned to be raised and lowered quickly, because during the performance a doll's string is apt to become so tangled as to cause the unfortunate puppet to be unable to "go on with the show." Should this happen, lower the curtains, untangle the strings as quickly as possible, raise the curtains, and proceed with the play, as if nothing had happened.

The curtains are hung on a round curtain rod secured to the top board of the proscenium arch. Lovely curtains are made from colored outing flannel—the color chosen to harmonize with the stage settings. A yard and one half of flannel, thirty inches wide, will be required to make the curtains. They are divided into two equal parts with a deep hem at the bottom and a one-inch casing at the top. Dressmakers' weights are tacked to the bottom of the curtains to make the folds hang well. A twenty-seven-inch strip of tape with brass rings at three-inch intervals is sewed to each curtain, diagonally upon the side of the material facing the puppeteer. Attached to the ring nearest the floor of the stage is a stout cord which runs through the remaining rings, comes across the top of the curtain rod, and wraps around a one and half-inch nail which has been placed in the right-hand wooden upright of the stage frame. When the cord is pulled tight, the curtains are raised. When slackened, the curtains are lowered. It is necessary to have some one person whose sole duty it is to raise and lower the curtains efficiently. (See figure Two page forty.)

As marionettes cast such grotesque shadows, a fantastic atmosphere is created by lighting the stage. This is accomplished with miniature footlights—in reality Christmas tree lights placed along the inside edge of the stage floor.

It is advisable to place the stage upon a table in a doorway and to hang curtains from the top of the door to the top of the stage, and from the edge of the table to the floor. Such curtains hide the puppeteer, but even though they are useful and may be beautiful to the outfit, they are not absolutely necessary.

Cost Sheet for Making a Marionette

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------|
| 6 hinges and screws | \$.15 |
| 1½ yards gray flannel | .45 |
| sheets of cardboard | .10 |
| jar of paste | .10 |
| box of tacks | .05 |
| Christmas paper | .05 |
| ½ yard gray felt | .80 |
| spool of wire | .10 |
| paint brush | .05 |

\$1.85

Puppets are like lovely little elves who cast magic spells over you. Once you create a marionette others are sure to bob up—with more strings and many more accomplishments. One of my most popular marionettes this past season was Fi Fi, the dancer, who had no less than twenty-one strings.

A most fascinating troop activity can be arranged if the Girl Scouts agree to give a marionette play. Work on many proficiency badges may be turned into practical experience. Such badges as artist, business woman, craftsman, electrician, dressmaker, and minstrel may be worked toward. Writing your own play will give experience toward the Scribe Merit Badge.

May I suggest some very good stories from which carefully chosen incidents will work into attractive marionette plays? They include: *Gulliver's Travels*, Swift; *The Blue Bird*, Maeterlinck; *Traveling Musician of Bremen*, Grimm; *Don Quixote*, Cervantes; *The Rose and the Ring*, Thackeray. The public libraries offer delightful plays written especially for marionettes. They are well worth your reading. The following books will also be found interesting and suggestive: *Heroes of the Puppet Stage*, M. Anderson; *Puppet Plays for Children*, F. M. Everson; *The Tony Sarg Marionette Book*, McIsaac; *The Boy Showman and Entertainer*, A. Rose.

Making a Typewriter Talk

(Continued from page 20)

there. When, I wondered, would they be starting out for somewhere, with a ream of paper under one arm and a typewriter under the other?

When will you, I wonder? Your adventure is just around the corner, isn't it? Will it be college, business office, cargo boating around the world? Can you escape using written words? They will pursue you everywhere, by pencil, pen, or typewriter. Some day that job you are dreaming about will tell you just how important an intelligent use of them can be, just as our trip convinced Barbara that all her practice in using words and a typewriter was very much worth while in earning a simple living.

"Why, Jane, how your looks have improved!"

"The secret's simple. Want to hear it?"

Take this easy way to NEW BEAUTY!

WOULD you, too, like to improve your looks? Would you like your skin to have a new softness and clearness? Your whole personality a new vivacious charm?

Jane's secret is amazingly simple. Any girl can try it and get results. Here it is, in Jane's own words:

"Any girl can improve her looks as I did—it's easy! Here's all I did. I read a little booklet, 'The Garden Where Good Looks Grow' and followed the easy directions. I exercised out of doors. I got plenty of sleep. I ate sensible foods. AND—I GAVE UP COFFEE!

"Instead, I drink a delicious hot drink—you'll love it, too—it's Postum made with milk.

"It's amazing how my skin has cleared. How my eyes look bright, when they used to be dull. Everyone says I seem to have waked up. I have. You don't get better looking by wishing for it, but by doing something about it! And, my, I'm glad I did!"

Follow Jane's example. Send to-day for the FREE booklet, "The Garden Where Good Looks Grow", and the Health-and-Beauty Examination. Merely follow the rules and watch your beauty average go up week by week.

And remember—no coffee. Coffee contains caffeine, a harmful stimulant that can jangle the sensitive nerves of a girl in her teens. Often robs her of sound sleep. Makes her jumpy. Muddies her skin.

Instead, drink Postum made with hot milk. It's a drink that is flavorful, fragrant, and delicious. And so healthful and nourishing that many athletes drink it the whole time they're in training.

Now, without fail, fill out the coupon below. Act to-day. We'll send you—absolutely FREE—three different helps. The beauty booklet. The beauty examination. And a full week's supply of Instant Postum, so you can see how good it is. Think what good looks can mean to you, and mail the coupon now. Postum is a product of General Foods.

FREE! THREE AIDS TO BEAUTY!

General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich. A. G. 2-33

Please send me—absolutely free—your beauty booklet, your beauty examination and a week's supply of your health-and-beauty drink, Instant Postum.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address
If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd.,
Cobourg, Ontario.

The Girl Who Wouldn't Be Discouraged

(Continued from page 11)

tain daring that contributed much to her success on the stage later on, for all were used by her in the play in which she made her first hit and which led directly to her screen success.

She went to the Oxford School, a preparatory school for girls in Hartford; then studied with private tutors and entered Bryn Mawr. In her senior year she had the leading rôle in a college play, *The Lady in the Moon*. Three performances crystallized her latent desire to make the stage her profession. After her graduation in June, 1928, she promptly informed her family that she wanted to be an actress.

Her father expressed immediate and hearty disapproval. Her mother, believing that "anything you want to do enough, you will do well" encouraged her. Dr. Hepburn, finally won over, consented to continue the allowance he had given Katharine at college. Armed with a letter of introduction from a mutual friend she went to Baltimore to see Edwin Knopf, manager of a summer stock company. He gave her a place in the cast but advised her to have her voice trained for diction and placement. It seemed like a good start. Rather easier than one might expect. But then began the disappointments. Mr. Knopf decided to produce *The Big Pond*, which later became a moving picture, on Broadway. Katharine Hepburn had a small part at first, but shortly before the opening date was given the feminine lead. She played it in a preliminary try-out at Great Neck, Long Island before the play opened in New York. Then she was told she would not do. She could either leave or have her small part again. Hurt and disappointed though she was she would not turn her successor out of her original small part.

"There is no point in disappointing somebody else too," she said and, packing her make-up box, went to New York to look for another job. She got it. Arthur Hopkins had seen her in the try-out and offered her a bit in a play of boarding school life called *These Days*. Miss Hepburn had not a line to speak but her performance received favorable comment from metropolitan critics. The *New York Evening Post* said, "By far the best bit was contributed by Katharine Hepburn as the schoolgirl who tried to suppress amusement while saying

'no' to the headmistress' third degree. The spontaneous way in which Miss Hepburn's smiles broke out, trembled and then were swallowed back was a delight." This was just five months after her graduation from college.

Notices like this would seem to assure a young actress success. But the play lasted only two weeks. Then Mr. Hopkins made her understudy to Hope Williams, star of Philip Barry's *Holiday*. The opportunity every understudy awaits came—she played the star's part, but for one night only on the road. Another road tour gave her the feminine lead in *Death Takes a Holiday* but she had no opportunity to play it on Broadway.

In the winter of 1928 she married Ludlow Smith, of Philadelphia, who had courted her during her senior year at college and who was an insurance broker in New York. But she wanted to stay on the stage and he encouraged her to do so, taking a keen and sympathetic interest in her career. A summer with the Berkshire Players at Stockbridge, Massachusetts; another with the New York Players at Ivoryton, Connecticut, gave her experience in playing stock with visiting stars. In New York she kept on with voice training and studied dancing with Mordkin.

With 1930 she had her first real part in a Broadway production, the ingénue rôle of Judy Bottle in *Art and Mrs. Bottle*, starring Jane Cowl. In a cast of fine actors and actresses, Miss Hepburn's performance stood out for excellence. She had unanimous praise from New York critics, and fifty performances on Broadway before the show closed.

She seemed to be making progress, but the following season, 1931, brought her the greatest disappointment she had suffered—and her great success. Chosen as leading woman of *The Animal Kingdom*, by Philip Barry, starring Leslie Howard and destined to be a tremendous success, Miss Hepburn was radiantly happy. She was to have a sympathetic rôle opposite a highly popular English actor. She told her husband and parents of her good fortune, studied the script, felt that at last she was to arrive. But suddenly she was informed that another girl was to have the part. Deeply disappointed, she called up her mother by long distance and broke the news.

"But why?" asked her mother. "Is it professional jealousy?"

"I just can't think that sort of thing," said Katharine. "I don't know." This answer is characteristic.

She set out after another job and found it—with another disappointment. It was the rôle of Antiope, sister of Hippolyta, in *The Warrior's Husband*, a play founded on the legends of the Amazons. But after being engaged and rehearsing for it, Miss Hepburn was fired. However, her successor apparently was even less satisfactory, for Miss Hepburn was called back for the part. She accepted it, played it as well as she could—which proved very well indeed—and when the play opened in March, 1932, she had won her triumph at last.

As Antiope, Miss Hepburn made good use of the training she had given her muscles from childhood. She loved the part, made it outstanding and as a result many offers came to her from the moving pictures.

When the play ended its run, she rushed to Hollywood to be one of the trio of leading players in *A Bill of Divorcement* in the rôle played on the stage by Katharine Cornell. That it should be given to a girl who, a year previously, had been virtually unknown and who had never even taken a screen test was in itself remarkable. That sort of thing almost never happens.

Now she is in Hollywood again. It was recently reported that she was to play the part of Jo in the picturization of Louisa M. Alcott's famous *Little Women*, a story she has loved since she was a little girl. But later dispatches have it that the production has been postponed. We hope it is not for long, for *Little Women* is a story that most of us are eager to see on the talking screen, and Miss Hepburn would make a charming Jo.

If any reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL were to ask Katharine Hepburn's advice about going on the stage, she would say:

"If you are determined—do it. But don't try to go on the stage unless you can stand any amount of discouragement, and the weariness of rehearsing all day in a tiny part. Don't do it unless you never get bored by such work and can be dropped, with no tangible reason, and still keep on trying. Above all, don't do it unless you can lose your job without losing heart. You must be determined to go on."

The Hoodooed Inn

(Continued from page 37)

Did you ever hear of a young glass blower who worked in it named Ary? And of a bound girl, Frony Newkirk?"

Jud looked at her queerly.

"How'd you ever happen to hear of them?"

"There were some old papers in the house."

"They was? I bet I know more than there is in any old papers," said Jud, with the indifference of the unlearned to documents. "But I promised not to tell."

"Miss Pan!" It was Mrs. Peters calling. Tourists had arrived, Pan had to go at once. That evening at supper Pan told Ran

of the watery state of the graveyard.

"It might be condensation," he said.

"But why would it be, and why would it be there?"

"I don't believe I could make you understand why, and I didn't say there was. It's just a theory."

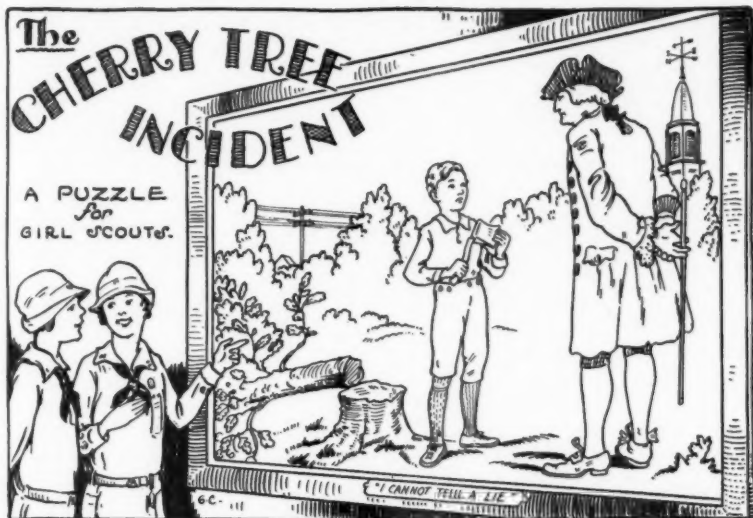
"Goodness!" moaned Pan.

The next two days being rainy, work on the archery course was discontinued. And when on the third day the skies cleared again, conditions seemed to have changed completely. In triumph William went off to fetch Jud Everts. He was reluctant to come back to work, however, saying that wet feet brought on his rheumatism.

"But it's drying off, I tell you—faster than the rest of the grounds. I want that leveling finished," urged William. "The ground's not wet enough to do any harm."

Work was scarce that year, so Jud returned to the job, under certain conditions. He worked at a safe distance from Peter Whispell's grave, and when he did have to pass the headstone, he hurried the wheelbarrow along almost at a gallop.

Now that you have been introduced to Pan and Ran, you will want to go with them through all their exciting adventures. Be sure and read the second installment of *The Hoodooed Inn* next month.



The Cherry Tree Incident

The most familiar story, or legend, about George Washington is, no doubt, that of the cherry tree. This, and other events of his life, have recently been the subject of study by a couple of our Girl Scout friends.

The other day they saw a picture on display that illustrated the story of the youthful George and his little hatchet. The girls were very much amused at the many glaring errors in the picture. Either the artist was very careless, or greatly misinformed, or both, for there are at least seventeen mistakes in the picture. How many can you find?

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. To take to one's self.
2. To shut out.
3. Very stout.
4. Worn out.
5. Large woody plants.

By DOROTHY E. ABBOTT, Troop 2, South Orange, N. J.

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change BIRD into LANE in four moves.

By LOUISE PORTER, New Orleans, La.

Enigma

I am the name of a famous poet and contain eighteen letters.

My 5, 7, 11, and 17 is an article of wearing apparel.

My 3, 2, 14, and 18 is a girl's name.

My 1, 15, and 13 is the name of a ship's sail.

My 6, 4, and 9 is a state of moisture.

My 10, 16, 8, 12, and 17 is a country, or region.

By MAY DANNER, Troop 9, Senior, Bloomfield, N. J.

Ye Olde Time Riddle

If a steamship is 400 feet long, and 50 feet wide, and the smokestack is 19 feet high, how can I tell that the captain is 62 years old?

By MAITA R. SIVITZ, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Presidential Charade

My first is in Washington, but not in Madison.

My second is in Madison, but not in Tyler.

My third is in Tyler, but not in Adams.

My fourth is in Adams, but not in Coolidge.

My fifth is in Coolidge, but not in Van Buren.

My sixth is in Van Buren and also in Washington.

My whole is a famous war-time President.

By ADELE WEISS, Troop 74, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, six new words will be formed. The six added letters spell the name of a famous President.

1. Aid.
2. Live.
3. Ear.
4. Ace.
5. Pal.
6. Aster.

By MARIAN BACON, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Fruit and Vegetable Valentine

Fill the blank spaces with the name of a fruit or vegetable to complete this valentine.

Dear H ——— D ———

Do you c ——— all for me? My heart b ——— for you and my love is as soft as s ———. But I'm as strong as an o ——— for you are a p ———. With your t ——— nose and your r ——— hair, you are the a ——— of my eye. If you c ——— with me, marry me anyhow, for I know we would make a happy p ———.

Your S ——— P ———

By ESTHER THEUER, Cleveland, Ohio.

ANSWERS TO OUR LAST PUZZLES

A CHRISTMAS LIST: 1. Camera 2. Umbrella 3. Satchel 4. Books 5. Flashlight 6. Slippers.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

L A P S E
A T L A S
P L A N S
S A N T A
E S S A Y

WORD JUMPING: Base, bass, lass, last, mast, must, rust, rest.

ENIGMA: A Girl Scout Handbook.

A CHARADE: Yuletide.

CONCEALED WORDS: 1. Bread 2. Radish 3. Candy 4. Milk 5. Potato 6. Pie.

IS SATURDAY YOUR busy DAY?

If your day-off from school is the day you help clean-up at home, take a hint. Whether you're washing out little things of your own or tidying up around the house, Fels-Naptha can make the job easier. Fels-Naptha, you see, brings extra help to get rid of dirt with less work—good golden soap and plenty of naptha, working together. This extra help can lighten mother's weekly wash, too. Does she know?

FELS-NAPTHA

The Golden Bar
with the Clean Naptha Odor

Make yourself an EVELEDS BUCKSKIN BERET!



It's snappy, comfortable and practical. You make it yourself from pieces of leather we supply you—cut and punched to pattern and size. And only \$1.00—think of it! Tell us your headsize, and we'll ship BERET C.O.D., with usual money refund guarantee.

Ed Maynard of Plymouth, New Hampshire

Who Cares!

WHEN the bitter February winds blow down from the cold North, who cares . . . while there is your copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL to read from cover to cover?

Stretch out by the fire, or curl up in your favorite reading chair and let THE AMERICAN GIRL take you to the land of adventure.

The March issue will carry you to England, Italy, Tunisia, Japan, China and back to America again. Be sure to watch for the March issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

For in this issue of your favorite magazine you will be regaled by some of the most fascinating stories you have ever read. Sylvia Townsend Warner, Eunice Tietjens, Maria Sermolino, Louise Seymour Hasbrouck, and Phyllis A. Sowers—these famous authors have contributed to make your March issue an event of especial importance.

KEEP YOUR WEATHER
EYE PEELED FOR THE
INTERNATIONAL ISSUE
OF "THE AMERICAN GIRL."

—NEXT MONTH—



THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

CONTENTS for FEBRUARY, 1933

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

LOUISE SEYMOUR

HASBROUCK, author of our new serial, *The Hoodooed Inn*, lives with her husband and her young son in a farmhouse more than a century old, nestling on the slopes of Overlook Mountain in the Catskills. (No wonder she writes so well about that part of the country!) Her husband is the sculptor, Bruno Louis Zimm. She and he are keenly interested in the historical and genealogical records of the neighborhood. Mrs. Zimm depends implicitly on the taste of her young son in judging her own work, and consequently was pleased and flattered when he said, after reading one of her manuscripts, "It's the best story you've ever written, even though it has got girls in it."



ALMA-GIBSON BAKER, who wrote *This Puppet World*, is very young to be both a writer and an artist as well as a marionetteer. She was a Girl Scout for seven years and says, "Scouting has literally meant everything to me—people—knowledge—pleasure. Animals and I get along remarkably, especially horses. I like them bareback and galloping. My first job was artist on my home newspaper; then came my marionette company and free-lancing. Now I'm studying under Miller at the New York Art League."



When I discovered I couldn't take the horse with me to be educated, I was heartbroken. So I concluded the education as rapidly as possible with a degree from the University of Michigan. Since that time my husband and I have been visiting the four corners—and the intermediate spaces—of the United States for business and pleasure, managing to include much pack-hiking, fishing, and swimming, some golfing, some studying.

"I have had three ideas about how to spend my life in the short time I have had it to spend; the first was to be a nurse, but

NORMA BICKNELL MANSFIELD says of herself: "I was brought up on a ranch in Washington and used to spend most of my days covering the surrounding low hills and wheat fields atop a horse.

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my father discouraged that before it actually took root. The next was to be an opera singer and my teachers took care of that. The third was to be a writer and so far, in spite of discouragements, I go blithely on."

HELEN FOLLETT, author of *Making a Typewriter Talk*, is an adventurous person who has courage about her daughters as well as about traveling all over the world. The older of her two children had an unconventional education, which started when she was very small, with a typewriter. Later, Barbara produced her own books, one the result of a trip in a three-masted sailing schooner, carrying lumber. The passion for sailing ships lasted many years, and took Mrs. Follett and Barbara on the thrilling journey so vividly described in *Magic Port-holes*. Barbara has now gone to Spain, and her mother, still in New York, is planning new voyages on which she may join her.

FRANK SPRADLING, who illustrated *Tell That to King*, always wanted to be an artist

and says that he especially likes to draw pictures for stories of the outdoors such as *THE AMERICAN GIRL* sends him. Mr. Spradling studied at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts and at the Art Students' League in New York.

S. WENDELL CAMPBELL, who painted our cover this month, is a Canadian by birth. She studied art in Boston and New York.

"At the age of fourteen," she writes, "I had already contributed drawings to a Canadian periodical; at sixteen I had held two exhibitions and at nineteen I started professional work in New York with a series of college girl posters. My field in illustration has covered most of the women's magazines, advertising art and book work. I am fond of animals, love outdoors and archaeology."





Winter Sports

require Warm Clothes

In planning your New Year's budget don't minimize the importance of warm, comfortable clothes suitable for active winter sports.

Selected for comfort, appearance and durability, the Girl Scout sports apparel is adaptable to the coldest climate. Choose your style of sport jacket from one of wool-knit with high, mannish collar and Zipper opening; or of soft cape leather with warm lining of flannel; or heavy shaker knit sweater. Under that wear the flannel shirt, the light weight slip-on sweater—or both, if cold enough. Are you a skier?—the ski trousers are a perfect match to the official Zipper sport jacket. Is skating or hiking your hobby?—the well-tailored breeches of whipcord or corduroy are just the thing. No matter which sport you favor, the Angora set adds the finishing touch to your costume.

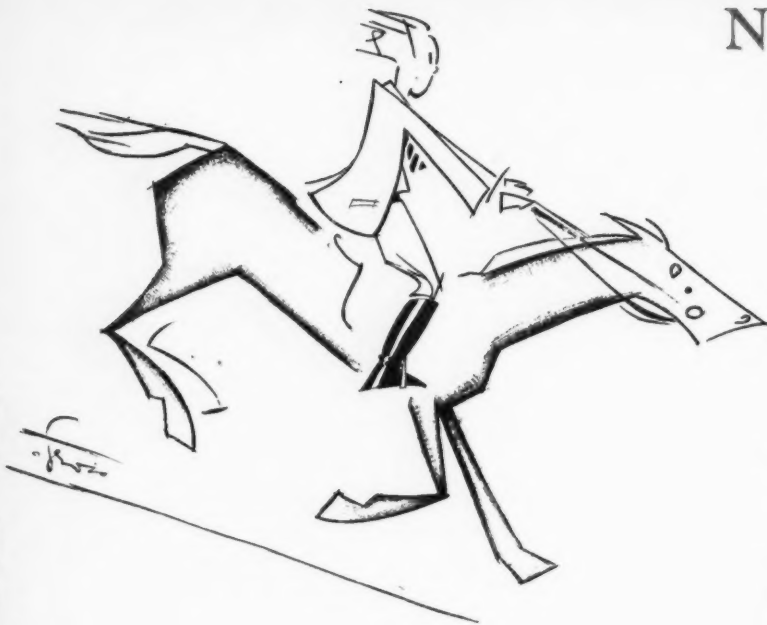
As many of these articles can be used for general wear and some of them have a year-round usefulness, there is a definite savings in buying them.

| | |
|--|--------|
| J 201 Wool flannel shirts | \$4.75 |
| F 201 Corduroy breeches | 6.00 |
| F 202 Wool whipcord breeches | 7.50 |
| J 254 Official dark green wool sweater | 3.00 |
| J 251 Apple green sweater | 3.00 |
| J 253 Jade green sweater | 3.00 |
| A 271 Official gloves | 2.00 |
| J 111 Leather sport jacket Sizes 8-14 | 7.75 |
| J 112 Leather sport jacket Sizes 16-44 | 8.75 |
| J 123 Official sport jacket | 5.00 |
| J 261 Shaker knit coat sweater | 6.00 |
| J 501 French beret. All colors | .75 |
| J 281 Ski trousers | 5.50 |
| J 241 Angora set. Complete | 6.50 |
| J 242 Beret only | 1.75 |
| J 243 Scarf only | 2.00 |
| J 244 Mittens only | 1.35 |
| J 245 Socks only | 1.50 |
| N 201 Ice skates | 5.00 |

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT SERVICE

570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.



NOT Paul Revere . . .

NO, not even Paul's sister!

This is just a picture of a girl named Clarabelle who had to jump on her horse and dash for the store on a desperate shopping errand.

At the very last minute some friend had given her a Christmas present; but Clarabelle had none to return!

DON'T STRUGGLE in the mad whirl of Christmas evening shoppers in search of a suitable gift. Stay at home in comfort . . . and send the coupon below to THE AMERICAN GIRL. We'll do the rest!

Should some friend call on you on Christmas morning and bring with her a gift and if you (this, a whisper!) forgot to get one for her just say, "I knew you would want a subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL.

You should receive it very soon". And then send this coupon or a copy of it.

She will receive her January issue in much less than a week.

But do your part while there is time. Let us do the worrying.

Before your friend goes back to school at the end of Christmas vacation she will have read THE AMERICAN GIRL from cover to cover.

But hurry! At this late date, every minute counts!



USE THIS CONVENIENT, TIMESAVING COUPON TODAY! PLEASE DON'T DELAY!

If you don't want to cut your magazine, copy the coupon *exactly* on a piece of paper.

THE AMERICAN GIRL
570 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please enter a subscription for the following and rush a copy of the January issue to

Name..... Name.....
Address..... Address.....
City..... City.....

I enclose a check for

\$1.50 ☐ one year

\$2.00 ☐ two years

\$3.00 ☐ three years

